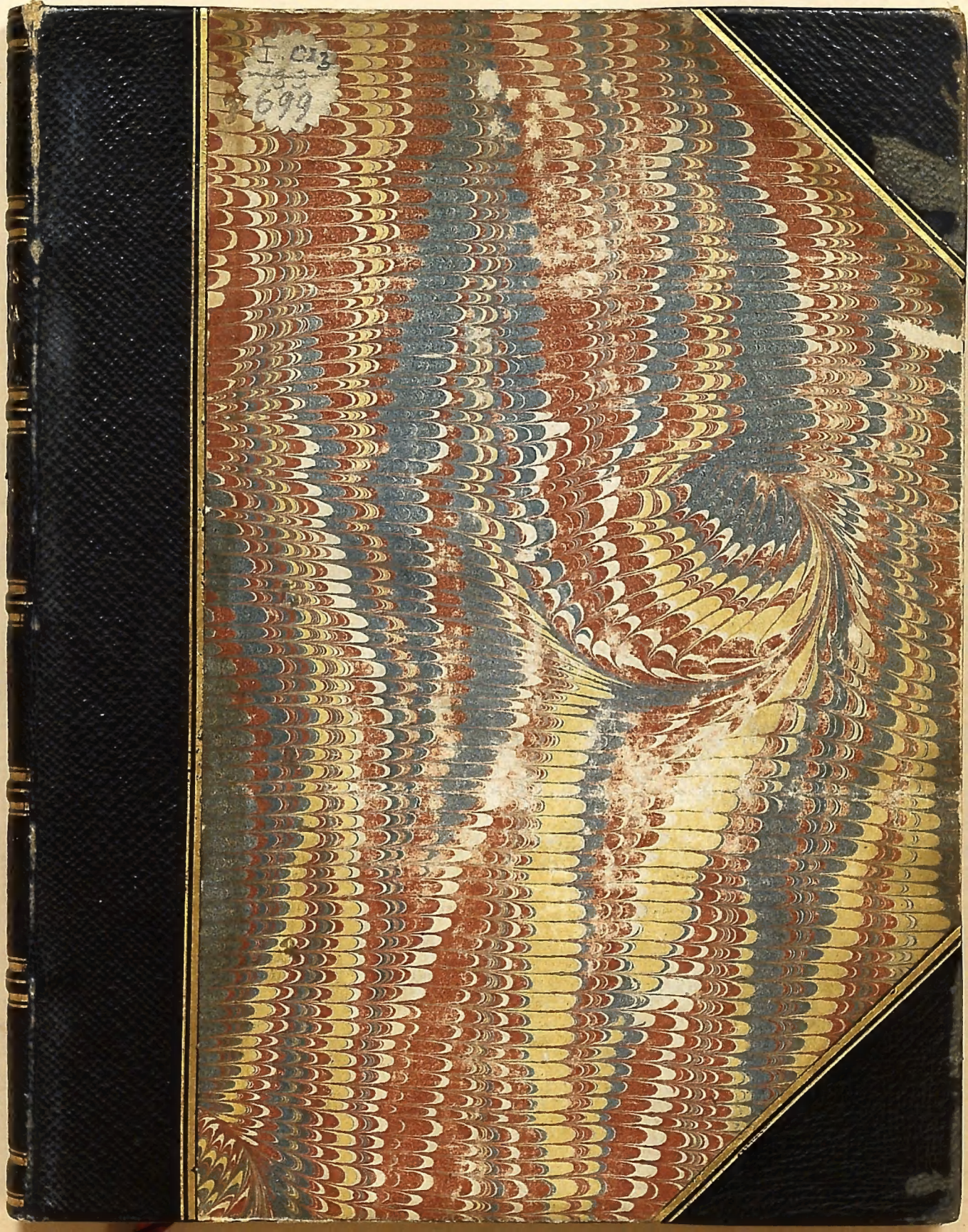
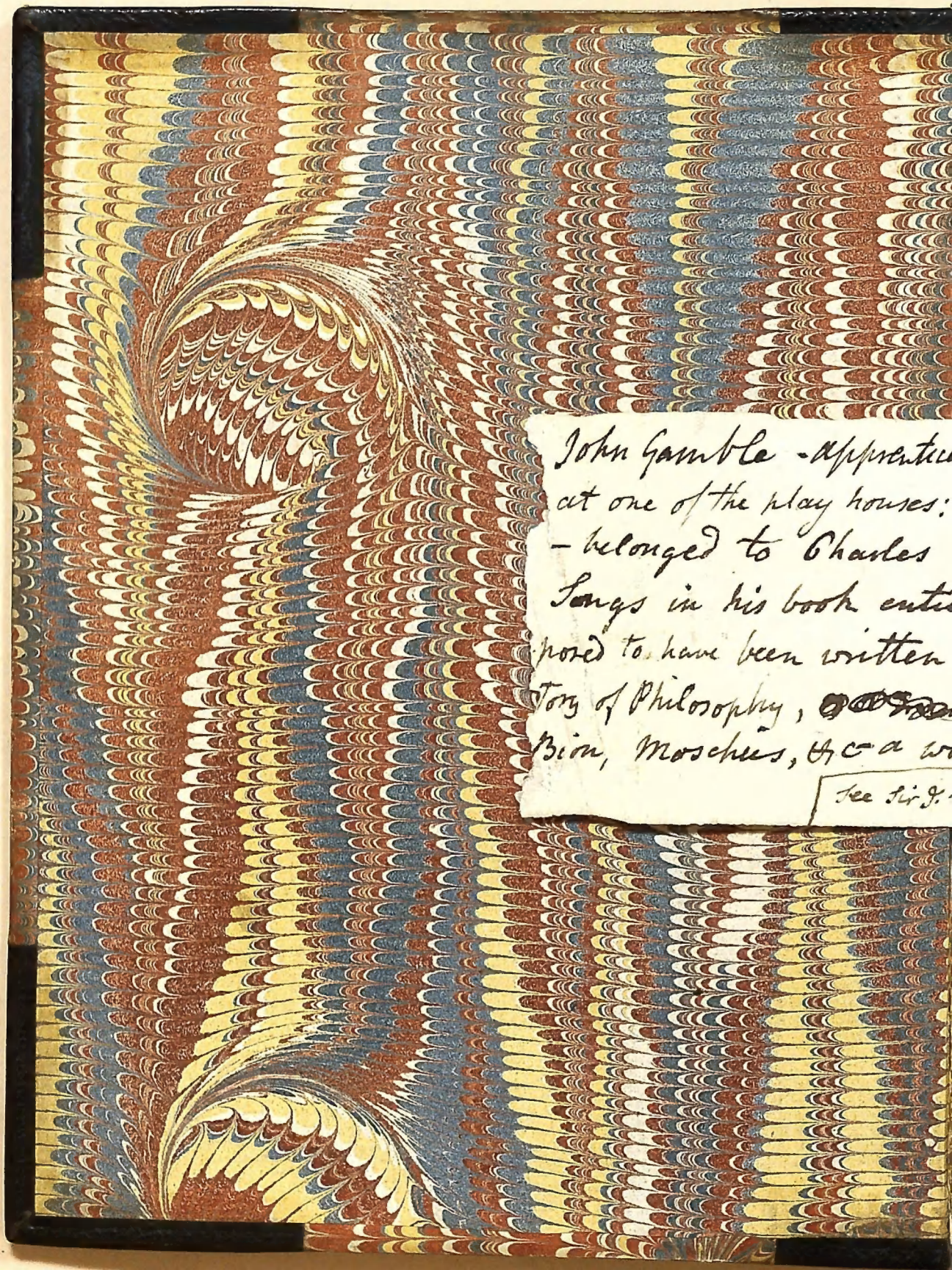


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699





John Gamble - apprentice
at one of the play houses:
- belonged to Charles
Songs in his book entitled
proved to have been written
Tory of Philosophy, ~~and~~
Bin, Moschies, &c - a wo

See Sir J.

i to Ambrose Beyleand - a noted musician,
afterwards a Cornet in the King's Chapel
2's band of violins. - Many of the
titled "Dyres & Dialogues" &c were 14
by J. Stanley Esq^r the author of the his-
~~story~~ & the Translator of Andromeda.
who printed 1651.

Hawkins's Hist of Music Vol 4 - Page 63. [

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CANTVS.

MVSICA SACRA:
TO
Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue

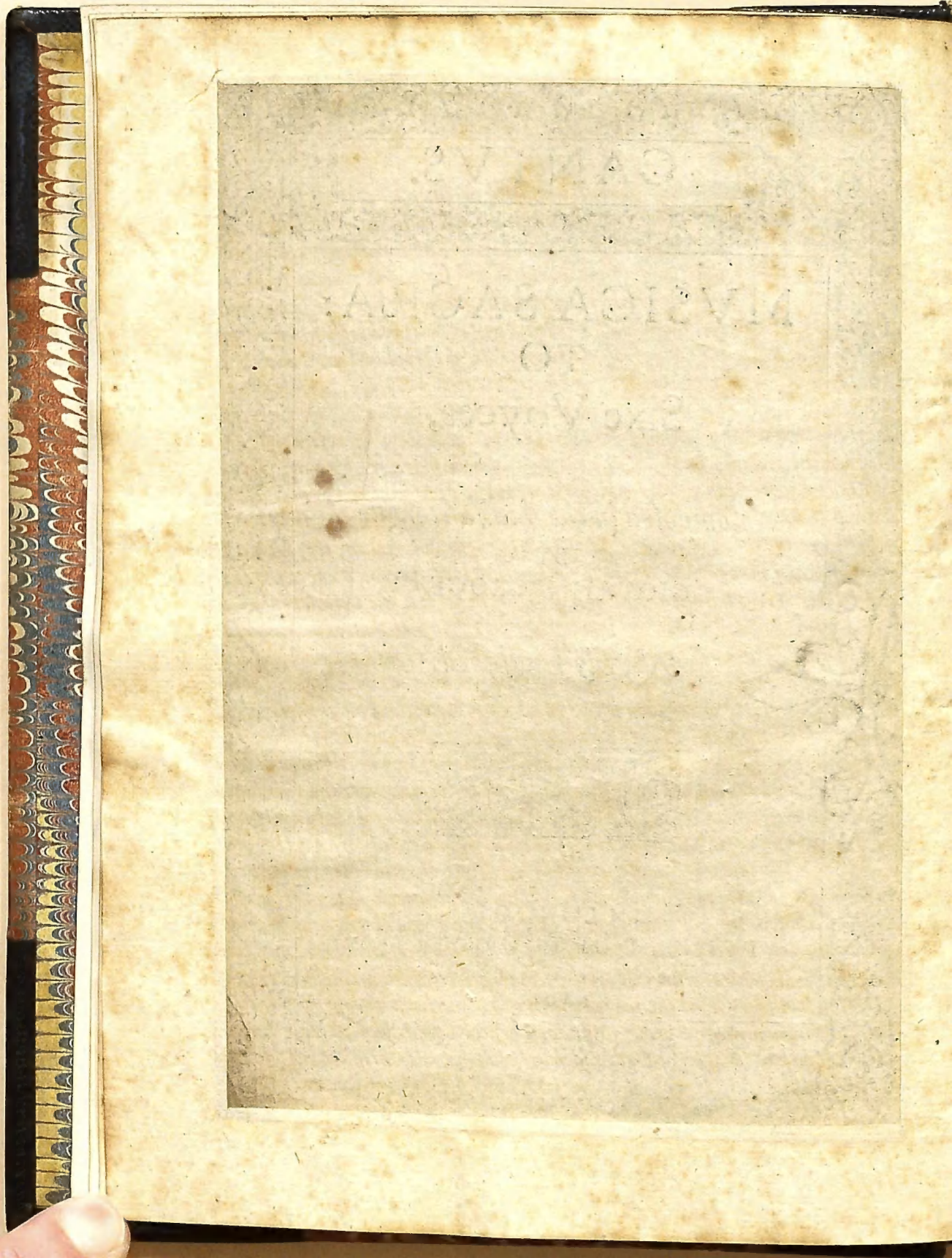
BY

GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.



3

To the vertuous Louers of Musicke.



These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Musicians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the Substance of them being drawn from those seauen notable Psalmes called Penetentials; indited by that Sweete Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composition, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though sometimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the rather, because through their want of vnderstanding the Italian, they are deprived of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which conuayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocundnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie, or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especially) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Service of God, in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was encouraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these (otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen of more exact labours) upon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if (after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe, and vse them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight. Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex P/al. 6.



Ord, in thy wrath reprove mee not severely,
Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure:
Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,
For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearily.

Saue it (O Lord) Almighty-most Supernall,

Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:

For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)

Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall?

Long haue I Languisht in my grievous Sorrow's,

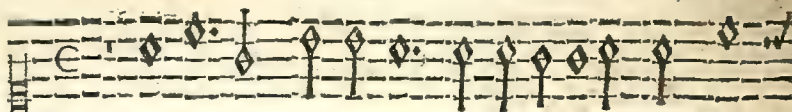
My bed and bosome, with my teares I water:

My foes Despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.

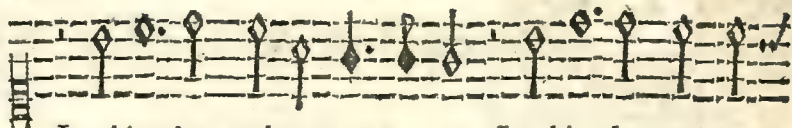
But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:

Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for vs)

Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.



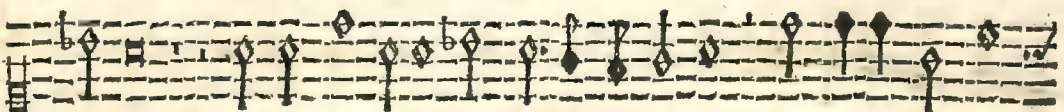
Ord in thy wrath reprove me not seuearly, (O) Lord,



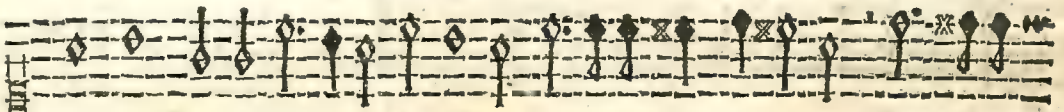
Lord in thy wrath reprove me not: Lord in thy wrath re-



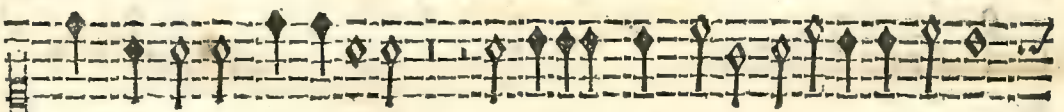
proue me not seuearly: Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure: Haue mer-



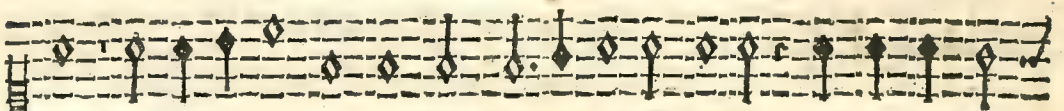
cie on my Sins exceeding mea- sure: For full of feares, my



Soule, my Soule is vex- ed drearily. Saue it O Lord Almighty: Saue it O



Lord Almighty-most Supernall: Saue it alas, from th'euer-neuer-neuer Dy-



ing: For who in deep Hell, and fierce Tor- ments fryng, Shall sing thy praise,



Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall: or can extoll th'Eter- nall:



Ong haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's : Long

haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sor- row's : My

Bed, and bosom, with my tear's I wa- ter : My foes Despight hath plow'd my

face with furrow's. My foes Despight hath plow'd my face, hath plow'd my

face with furrow's. But now my Soule, my Soule : But now my Soule, But now my

Soule let th'ungodly Scatter : Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God so gratio'us for vs, Sith

God so gratio'us for vs: Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter. and doth re-

gard, regard my matter.

7
SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.



Blessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:
And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.
Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;
Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,
Deliuer me my God which art Almighty:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)
But those that place in thee their expectation,
Grace shall embrace. Joy yee that walk vprightly.



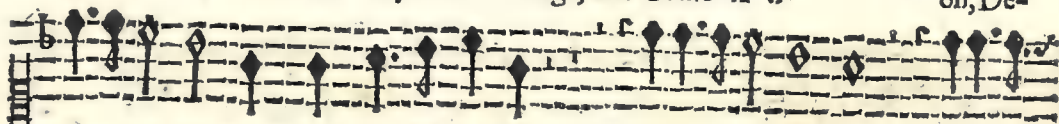
Lessed are they, whose faults so oft forbidden, Haue
 free forgiuenes and a full remissi'on: Haue free forgiuenes and
 full re- missi'on: And a full remif- si'on: And they whose
 Sins of Act, And they whose Sins, whose Sins of Act, and of Omissi'on, are not Im-
 puted, but in mercy, in mercy hidden. Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee,
 Which graci'ously (my God) thou hast forgiuen: The more therefore I Laude
 thee (King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints shall in due time a-dore thee. And
 all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee. In due time adore thee. adore thee.



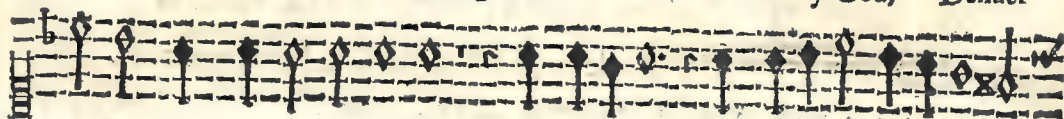
Thou my Refuge, and my Conso- la-ti'on, O



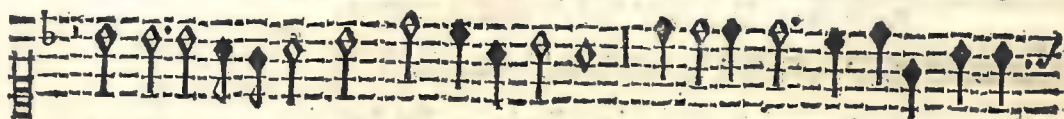
thou my Re- fuge, and Conso-la-ti- on, De-



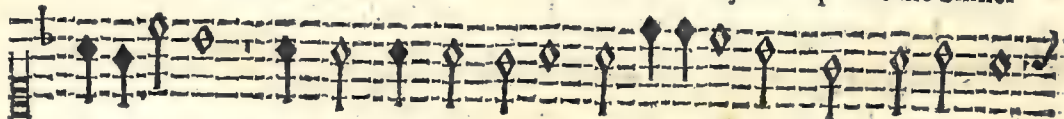
liuer me my God which art Almighty; Deliuier me my God, Deliuier



me my God which art Almighty, From Enemies, From Enemies that enuie



my Salua- ti'on, my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods pursue the Sinner



right- ly, But those that place in thee, their Expectati'on, Grace shall embrace.



Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy

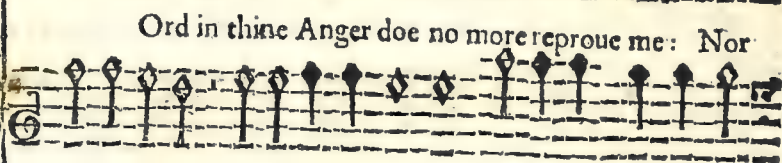


yee that walk vprightly. vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

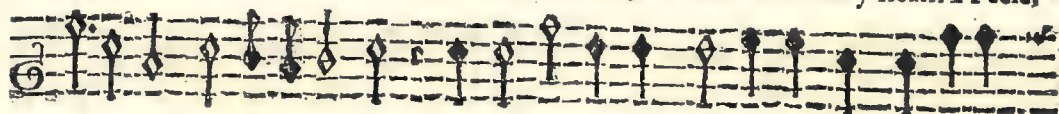
THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.

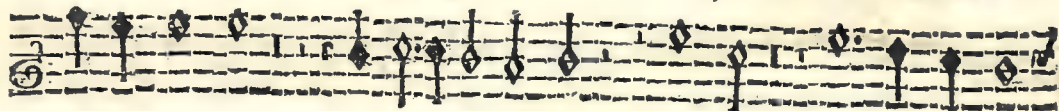
Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprocue me,
 Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
 For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
 Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
 Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:
 Because my Sins so Wholely ouercame mee,
 Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
 And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.
 My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
 And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
 But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.
 In thee I hope (my GOD) Ah listen to me:
 Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canst best bested me)
 Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



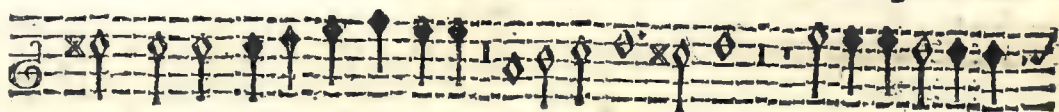
Ord in thine Anger doe no more reprove me: Nor



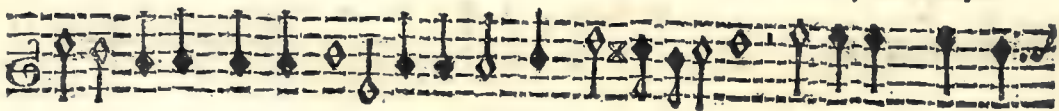
For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows: Thy heauie hand doth vnto-



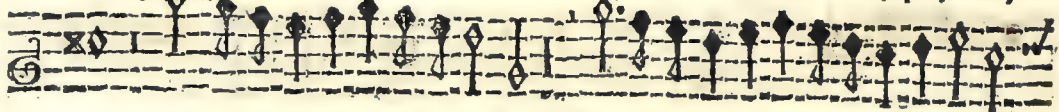
Goodnes moue mee. Sick in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh, doth Sigh and Lan-



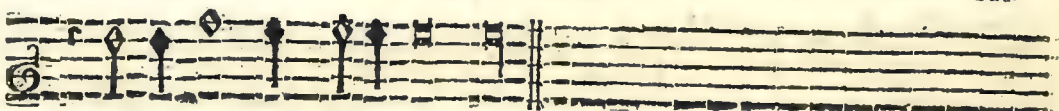
guish: Because my Sins so wholly over- came mee: Sorely afflicted, af-



flicted and all humbled am I; and all humbled am I; And in my playnt my



hart Roars- out, Roars out



for an- guish. for an- guish.



Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, My Strength eu'n



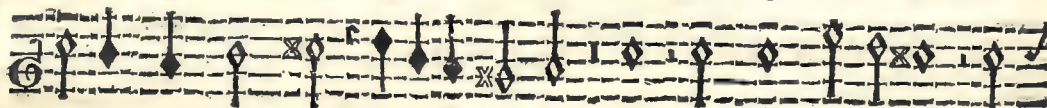
fail's me: And my Sight, my Sight hath fled me,



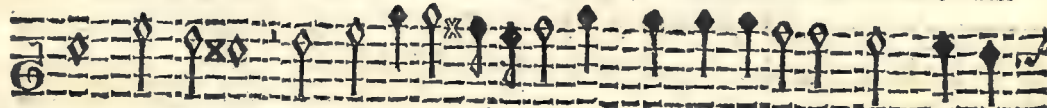
fled me, hath fled me, fled me: And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me:



But I, as Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee



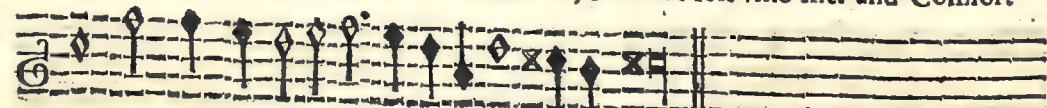
I hope (my GOD) Ah, Ah listen, to mee. Ah! Ah Leauē thou me not: Ah



Leauē thou me not, Thou, my Salua- ti'on, thou my Saluati'on, and Comfort



sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee. and Comfort, Comfort sole vnto me. and Comfort



sole, and Comfort sole vnto

mee,

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,
 And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee:

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,

Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,

So shall no Snowe in whiteneffe goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,

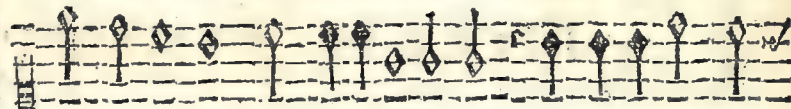
And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)

Are th'onely Sacrifice thou loy'st in euer.



Hew mercie Lord on me, on me, O Lord on me, most



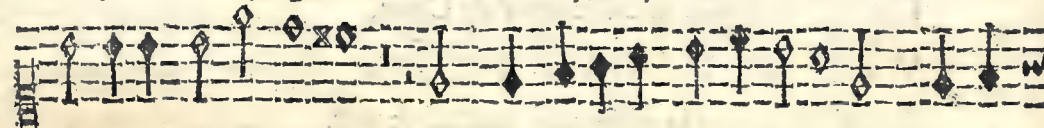
haynous Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grievous



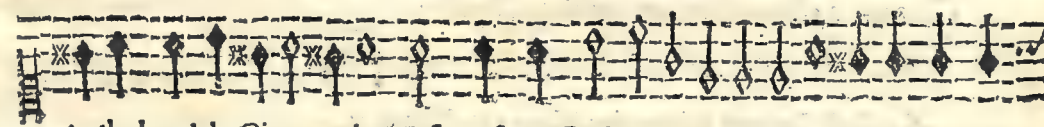
gultie: and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me



Filthy: For in thy sight O Lord I am onely, onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest



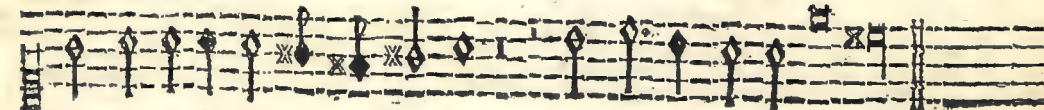
my Sinfull Mother bore me: Thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie, thou Guide vn-



to the heau'nly Cit- tie: Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no



Snow, no Snow, So shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe be fore me. in



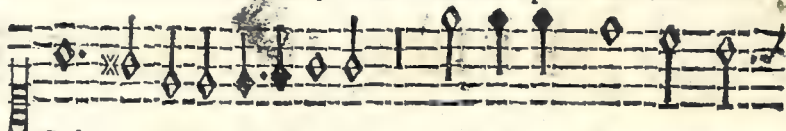
whitenes goe before

mee.

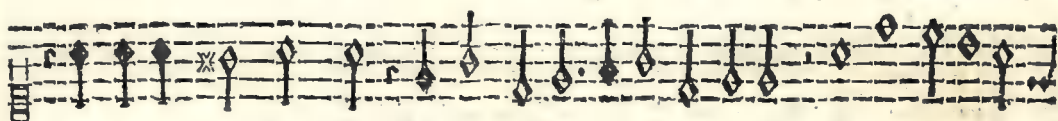
In whitenes goe before mee.



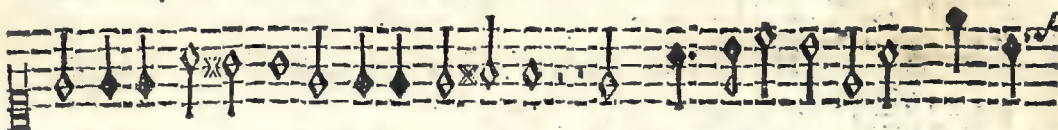
Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit : an vntainted



Spi- rit, an vntainted Spirit : And of thy Grace and Face,



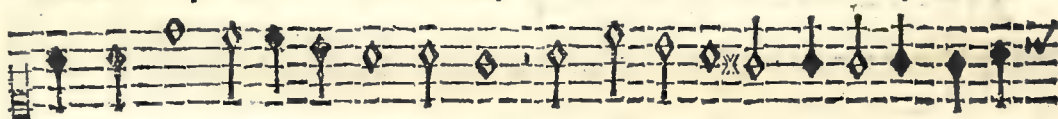
And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me ne- uer: neuer: bereaue me neuer :



So shall I more adore, So shall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name, and



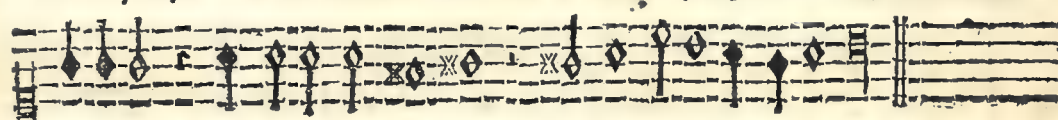
feare it: thy Name and feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice



more and more, thy Seruice more and more, and more Endeauour: Sith broken harts as



doth thy voyce auer it: Sith broken harts as doth thy voyce a- uer it, Are th'only



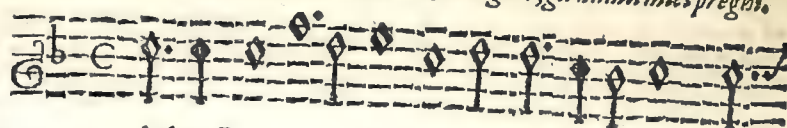
Sacrifice, thou Ioyest in E- uer. thou Ioyest in E- uer.

FIFT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger :
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shur'st thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying :
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nations shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah ! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.

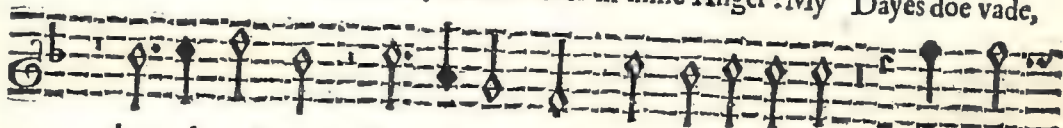
Of 6. voc. First part. 17 CANTVS. *Esaudisci Signor, gli humil miei preghi.*



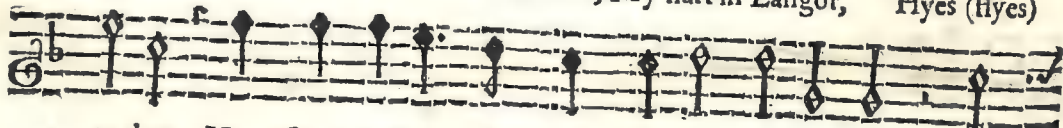
Arken Lord vnto mine humble Play- nings; Hide



not thy face for euer in thine Anger : My Dayes doe vade,



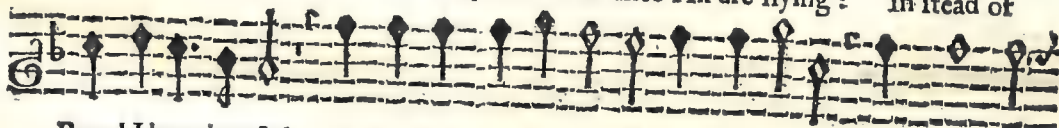
doe vade as Smoak, doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Langor, Hyes (flies)



to thee, Hyes (flies) to thee, why Shun't thou my Complaynings? Friends



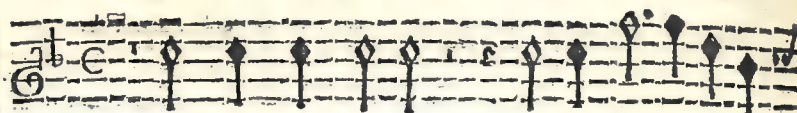
haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from mee All are flying : In stead of



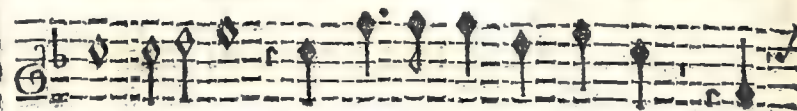
Bread, I haue ben fed, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes, My Drinck my



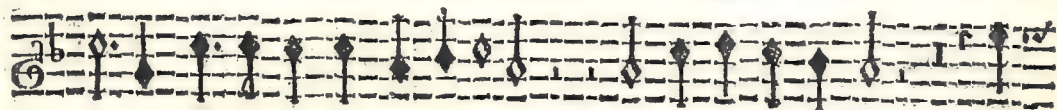
Tear's; while I haue felt the Lashes Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Cryings,



LL Kings and Nati'ons, shall admi'er, ad-mi-er



thy Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of th'humble: When



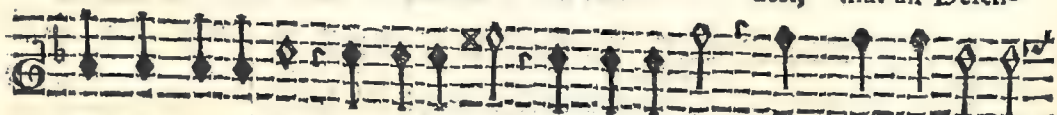
thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendest: It shall be Writ: It



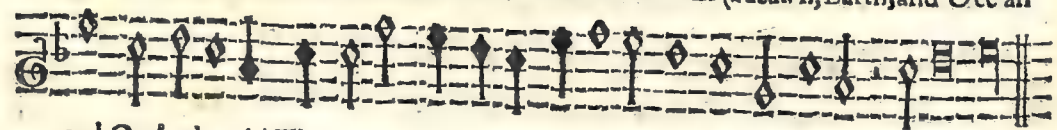
shall be Writ: It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story, in an Eternall Story.



Ah Leau'e me not thou; Thou that All Defen- dest, that all Defen-



dest: That made'st All, That made'st All, That made'st All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an

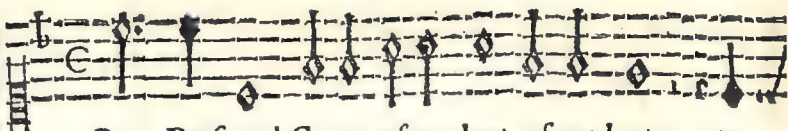


and Oce'an hoarie) That neuer did'st Begin, and neuer Ende'st. and neuer En- dest.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
 To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
 Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
 LORD, if thou looke with RIGOUR downe into Vs,
 To mark our SIN, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If MERCY thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo Vs?
 Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
 Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE possesed;
 With thee is MERCY, that thou maist bee feared;
 MERCY, for those that are in SOVLE depresse'd,
 ISRAELS Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeed
 Becom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT and BLESSED.





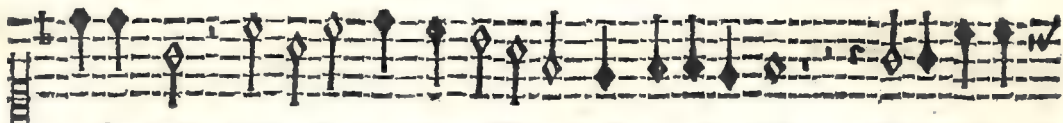
Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmly reared



her Tower of Trust, there is my Hope possessed; for with



thee, is Mercy that thou maist be fear'd; thou maist be feared: Mercy for those, Mer-



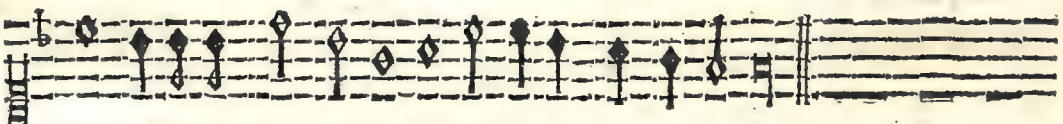
cy for those, that are in Soule depressed, in Soule depressed. If-ra-els Re-



deemer, Whom thou hast endeer'd, ended, Becom's through thee,



of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed. of Sinner,

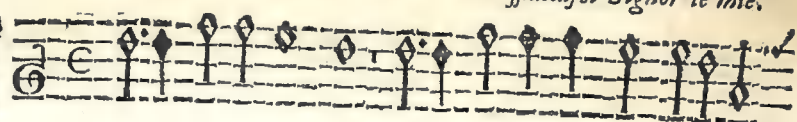


Saint, of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed.

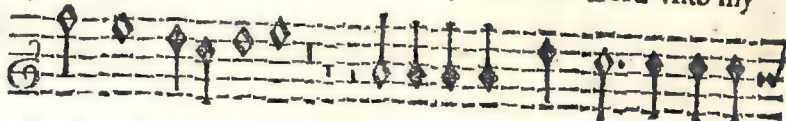
SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.

Listen O LORD vnto my Prostrate PRAYER;
 Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:
 For who is IUST? The foule infernall TEMPTER
 Pursues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESPAYRE.
 My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
 To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
 But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reserved?
 Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
 Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition,
 My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,
 My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submission)
 To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:
 Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,
 For I thy Seruant am by thine Election..



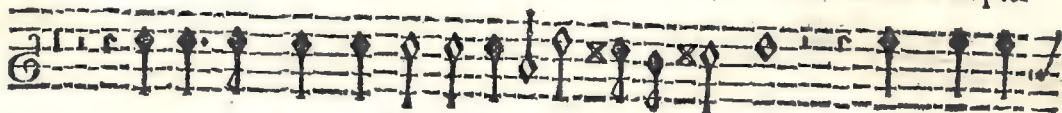
Isten, Listen O Lord, Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my



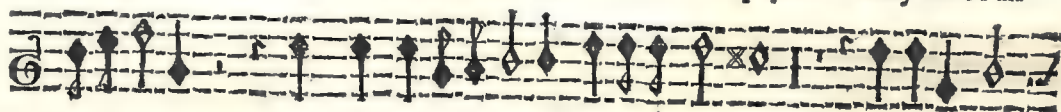
Prostrate pray- er: Nor into Iudgment with thy Seruant



enter: For who is Iust? For who is Iust? The foule In-fernall Tempter



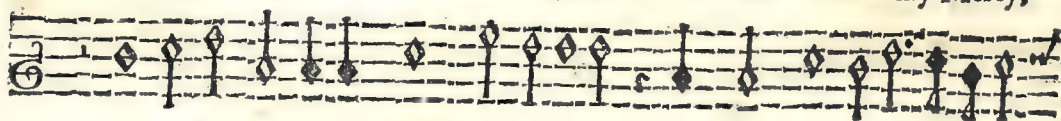
pursues my Soule with terrors of De- spay'r: My hart's all



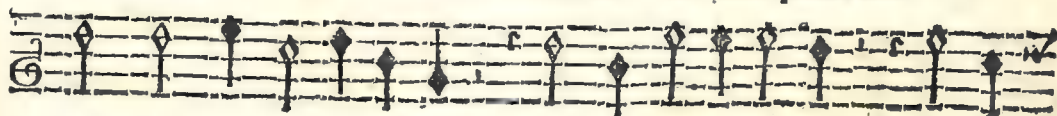
inly vexed, My hart's all inly vexed, all inly vex-ed. Yet I apply'd



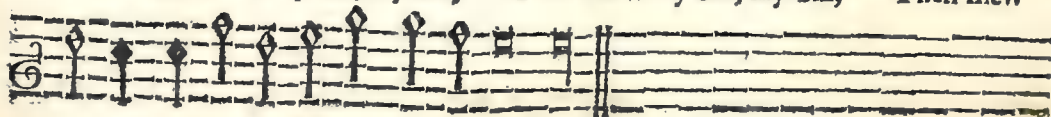
me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obser- ued: But to thy Mercy,



but to thy Mercy the Chief place reserued: the Chief place refer-



ued: Then Shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew



my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide mee.



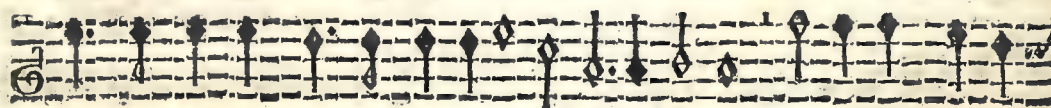
Vccour me Lord, Saue me with expediti'on, with expe-



di- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine af-



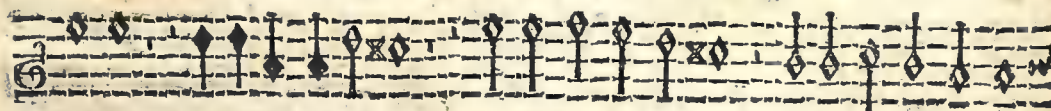
fec- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affec- ti'on, My



Minde, my Soule, My Minde my Soule I lift with all Submissi'on : To thee my Lord, my



God, my God and my Protec- ti'on : and my Protecti'on : Draw me from



Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am



by thine Electi'on. by thine, by thine Electi'on. by thine Elec-



ti'on.

FINIS.

ALTVS.

MVSICA SACRA:
TO
Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue

BY

GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,

the assigne of William Barley.

1608.

MAKING A CHAIR

OF

WOOD

BY

JOHN

THE

ART

OF

THE

3

To the vertuous Louers of Musicke.



These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by S^{ior}. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Musicians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the Substance of them being drawn from those seauen notable Psalmes called Penitentials; indited by that Sweete Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composition, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though somtimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the rather, because through their want of vnderstanding the Italian, they are deprived of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concept of the Note may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which conuayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocundnes, or Sadnes, Lewitie, or Granitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especially) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a moxiue to some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God, in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde. In which respects; and for that I was encouraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these (otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen of more exact labours) upon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if (after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe, and vse them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight.
Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Psal. 6.

Ord, in thy wrath reprove mee not fearely,

Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure :

Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,

For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearily.

Saue it (O Lord) Almighty most Supernall,

Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying :

For who in deepe Hell (and fierce torments fryng)

Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall ?

Long haue I languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's,

My bed and boosome, with my teares I water :

My foes despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.

But (now my Soule) let the vngodly scatter :

Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for vs)

Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.



Ord in thy wrath reprove

me not feuearly, not fe-

uearly, Lord in thy wrath reprove me not feuearly, Nor

punish me in thy deseru'd displea- sure: Haue mercie, Haue mer- cie

on my sinns exceeding measure: For full of feares, my Soule is vex- ed

.drearly. Saue it O Lord Almightye, Saue it O Lord Almightye-most, supernall,

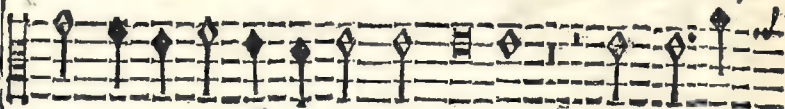
Saue it Lord. Saue it, alas, from th'euer-neuer Dying: For who in deep Hell,

and fierce tor- ments fryng, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall? or

can extoll th'Eternall? ex- tol th'Eter- nall?



Ong haue. I Languisht in my grievous Sorrow's, my



grie-

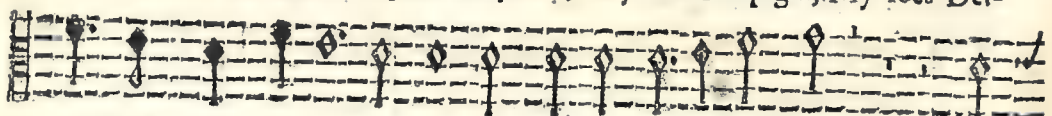
uous-Sorrow's, My bed, and



bosom, with my tear's I wa- ter : My foes Despight hath plow'd my face,



My foes Despight hath plow'd my face, My foes Despight, My foes Des-



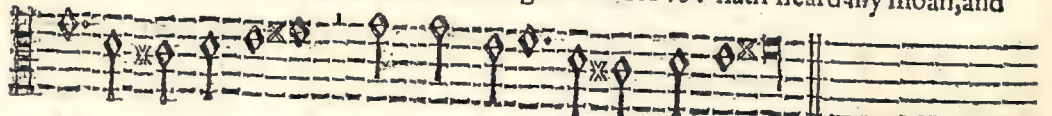
pight hath plow'd my face with furrow's. But now my Soule: But



now my Soule let th'ungodly Scatter : Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God so gra-



tio'us for vs, Sith God so gratio'us, God so gratio'us for vs : hath heard my moan, and



doth regard my matter.. and doth regard, regard my matter..

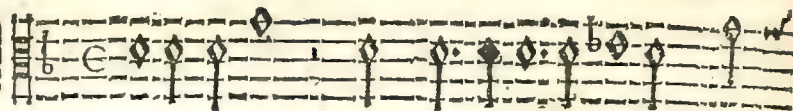
SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.

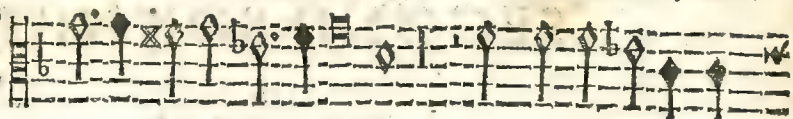


Blessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)
 Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:
 And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)
 Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;
 Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:
 The more therefore I Laudethee (King of Heauen)
 And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.
 O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,
 Deliuer me my God which art Almightye:
 From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
 A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)
 But those that place in thee their expectation,
 Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



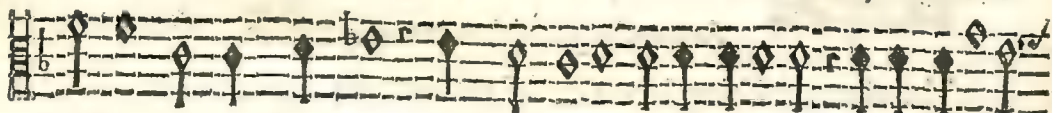
Lessed are they, whose faults so oft for-bidden, whose



faults so oft for-bid- den, Haue free forgiuenes and



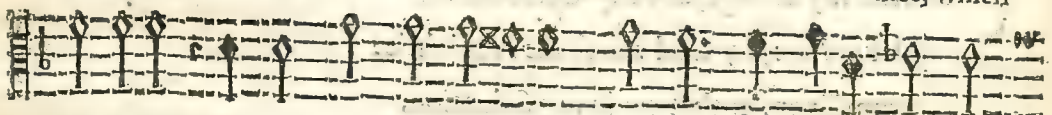
full remissi'on: Haue free forgiuenes and a full remissi'on: And they whose Sins



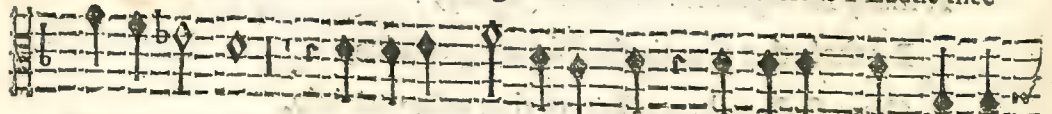
of Act, And they whose sinns, whose sinns of Act, and of Omissi'on are not imputed,



but in mercy hidden. Therefore my crime I haue confest before thee, which



graci'ously (my God) thou hast for-gi-uen: The more therefore I Laude thee



(King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints, thy Saints, And all thy Saints shall in



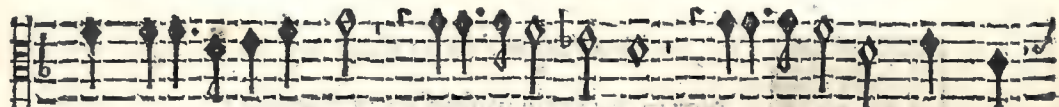
due time: All thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.



Thou my Refuge and my Conso-la- ti'on,



and Conso-la- ti'on, and Conso-la-



ti'on, Deliuer me my God; Deliuer me my God, Deliuer me my God which



art Almighty: Almighty: From Enemies that enue my Saluati'on.



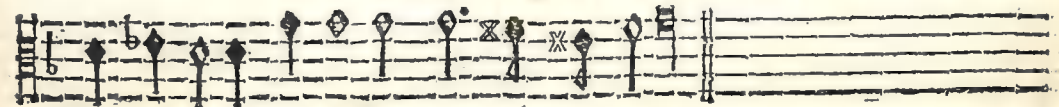
my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods pursue the Sinner right- ly; But those that



place in thee their Expectati'on, Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Grace



shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. vprightly. Ioy yee that



walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vp- rightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.



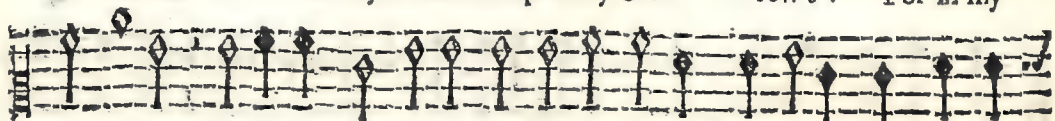
Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprocue me,
Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:
Because my Sins so Wholely ouercame mee,
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.
My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
But I, as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.
In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me:
Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canst best bested me)
Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



Ord in thine Anger doe no more reprove me : Nor



in thy Furie multiplie my Sor- row's : For in my



Fleash, I feele; For in my Fleash I feele thy fearfull Arrows; Thy heaue hand doth vn-



to goodnesse moue me. Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Lan-



guish : doth Sigh and Lan- guish : Because my Sins so wholly over-



came me : Sorely afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I : and all humbled



am I : And in my plaint my hart Roars out,



Roars out, Roars out, Roars out,



for an- guish. for an- guish.

B. ij.



Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me And

my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, hath fled me, fled me,

hath fled me, fled me, And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me:

But I, as Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee

I hope (my GOD) Ah listen, listen, Ah listen to mee. Ah, Ah leaue

thou me not: Ah leaue thou me not, Thou, my Saluati- on: thou my Saluati-

on, and Comfort sole vnto me: and Comfort sole: and Comfort sole vn- to mee:

and Comfort sole vnto mee,

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,
 And mortifie my Sin so grievous guiltie;
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee:

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,

Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,

So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,

And to thy Service more and more endeauour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)

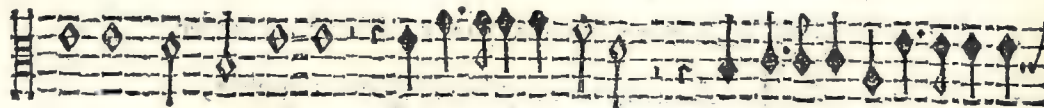
Are th'onely Sacrifice thou loy'st in euer.



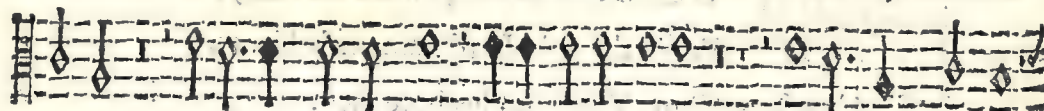
Hew mercie O Lord on me, most haynous Sin-



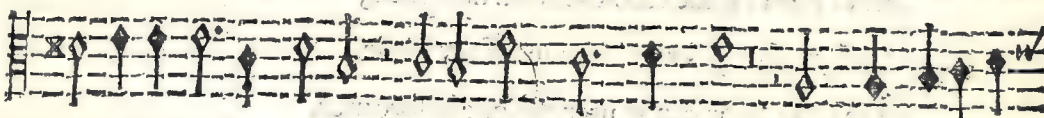
ner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous-guil-



tie: O cleanse me from it, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me, Purifie me



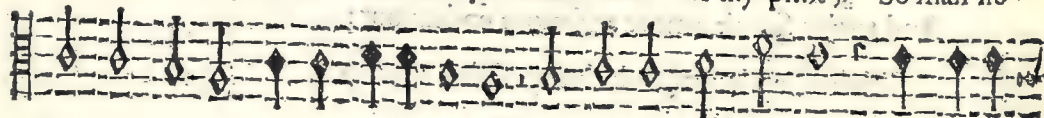
Filthy: For in thy sight O Lord, I am onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest



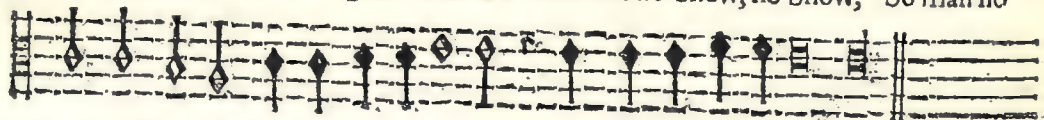
my Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou Guide, thou Guide, thou Guide vnto the



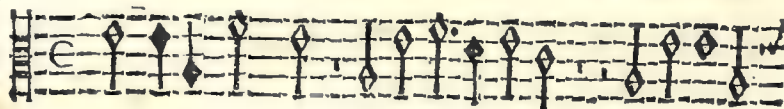
heau'nly, heau'nly. Cittie, Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no



Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no



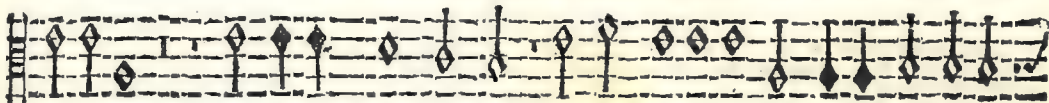
Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. In whitenes goe before mee.



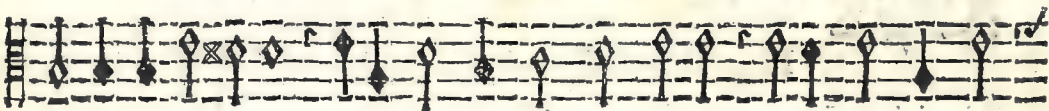
Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit : an vntainted



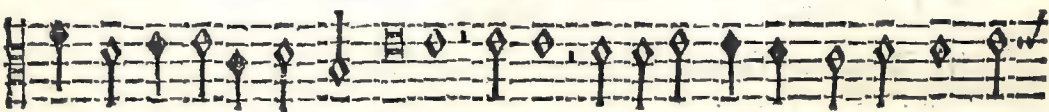
an vntainted Spirit : And of thy Grace and Face bereaue



me neuer : And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me neuer ; So shall I more adore,



So shall I more adore thy name, thy name and feare it : thy name, thy name



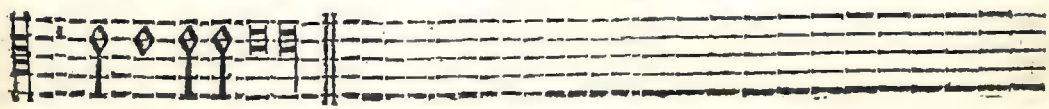
and feare it : thy name and feare it : And to, And to thy Service more and more In-



deauour : Sith broken harts, as doth thy voyce auer it : Sith broken harts as



doth thy voyce auer it, Are th'only Sacrifice, thou Ioyest in E. uer.



thou Ioyest in euer.

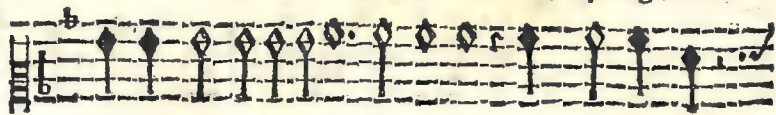
FIFT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger :
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nst thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying :
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears ; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce VVrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nati'ons shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah ! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heaue'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.



Arken Lord vnto mine humble Playnings; Hide



not thy face for euer in thine Anger : My Dayes doe vade,



doe vade as Smoak, doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Langor, Hyes



(flies) to thee, Hyes (flies) to thee, why Shun'st thou my Complaynings? Friends



haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from me All are flying : In stead of



Bread, of Bread, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed, I haue ben fed with A- shes,



My Drinck my Tear's; while I haue felt the Lashes Of thy fierce Wrath, while



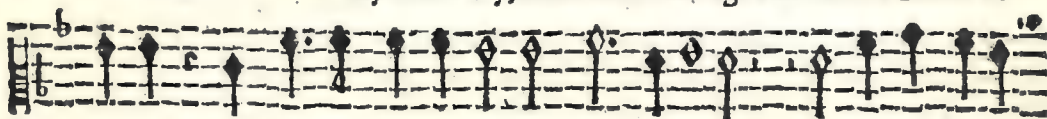
I haue felt the Lashes Of thy fierce Wrath, for all, for all mine often Cryings.



LL Kings and Nati'ons shall admi'er, admi-er



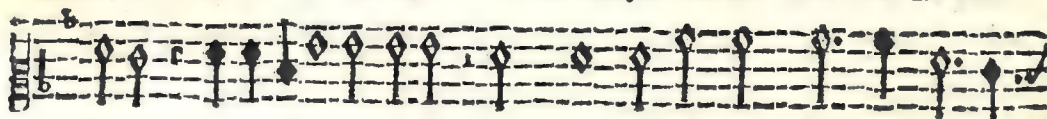
thy Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules at-



tendest; When thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendest; It shall be Writ in



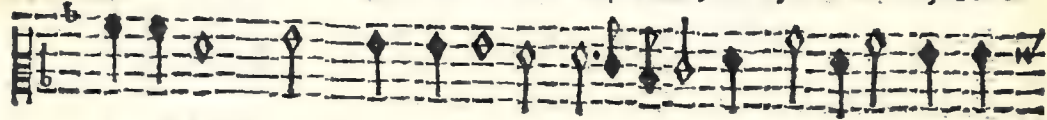
an Eternall Storie. It shall bee Writ, It shall bee Writ in an Eternall



Storie. in an Eternall Story. Ah! Leave me not thou, Thou that All De-



fendest, that All Defendest, That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an) That



madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an hoar- ie) That neuer didst be-

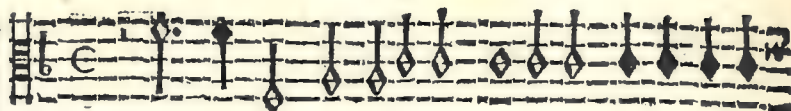


gin, and neuer Endest. and ne- uer En- dest.

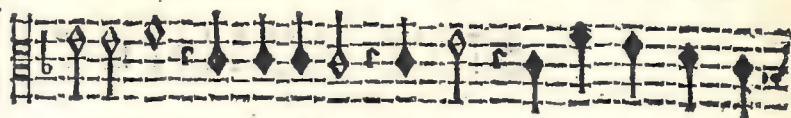
SIXT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
 To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
 Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
 LORD, if thou looke with RIGOUR downe into Vs,
 To mark our SIN, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If MERCY thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo Vs?
 Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
 Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE possesed;
 With thee is MERCY, that thou maist bee feared;
 MERCY, for those that are in SOVLE depresse'd,
 ISRAEL'S Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeed
 Beccom's through thee, of SINNER. SAINT and BLESSED.



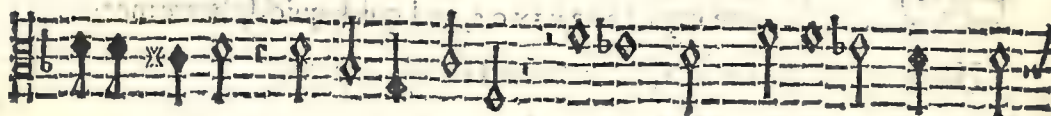
Rom Profound Center of my hart, of my hart to thee I



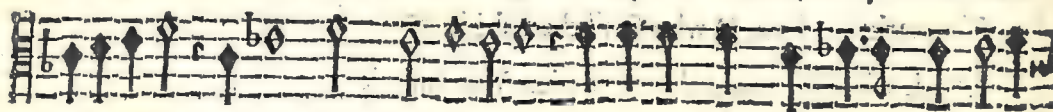
cri'ed, I cri'ed, to thee I cri'ed O Lord, Lord let thine eare draw



neere me, To note my mourning, to note my mourning; and quickly heare me: and



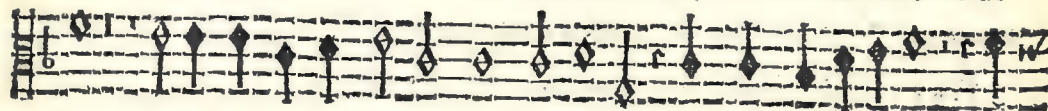
quickly heare me: Heare my Sad Groining to thy Sweet Grace, to thy Sweet Grace



apply- ed: to thy Sweet Grace applied. Lord if thou looke with Rigor down into



Vs, to mark our Sin, our Sin, O who shal then abide it? Who shal then abide



it? But if with pardon thou be pleas'd to hide it, be pleas'd to hide it. (If



thou Mercy vouchsafe) what shal vndoo Vs? what shal vndoo Vs: if thou Mercy vouch-



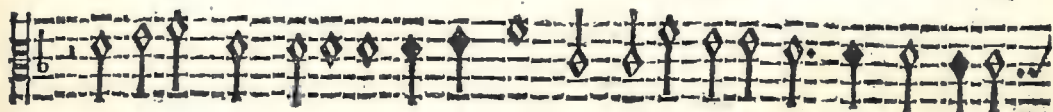
safe, if thou Mercy vouchsafest, what shal vndoo, vndoo vs: what shall vn- doo Vs?



Pon thy Word my Soule, vpon thy Word my



Soule hath firmly Rea- red her Tower of Trust,



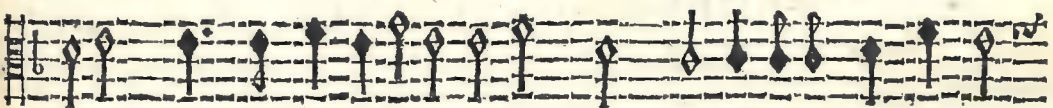
there is my Hope possessed; for with thee, with thee is Mercy that thou maist be fea-



red; Mercy, for those that are in Soule depref- fed, in Soule de-



pref- fed. Is-ra-els Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered, Whom thou hast en-



deered, whom thou hast endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Bles-



fed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed.



of Sinner, Saint and Bles- fed. of Sinner, Saint and Bles- fed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

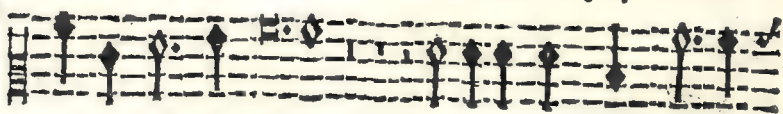
Ex Psal. 143.

Listen O LORD vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,
 Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:
 For who is IUST? The foule infernall TEMPTER
 Pursues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESTAYRE.

My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
 To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
 But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reserued?
 Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
 Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition,
 My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,
 My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submission)
 To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:
 Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,
 For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.



Isten, Listen O Lord unto my Prostrate prayer: vn-



to my Prostrate prayer: Nor into Iudgment with thy



Seruant enter: For who, O who is Iust: For who, O who is Iust: The



foule In-fernall Tempter, The foule infernall Tempter pursues my Soule with ter-



rors of Despay'r: My hart's all inly vexed, inly vexed. Yet I apply'd me to



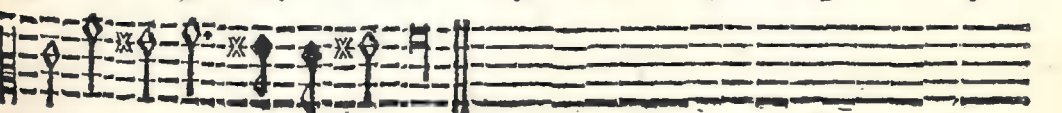
waigh thy works, thy wonders I obserued: But to thy Mercy, but to thy



Mercy the Chief place referued: the chief place referued: Then Shew my Sin,

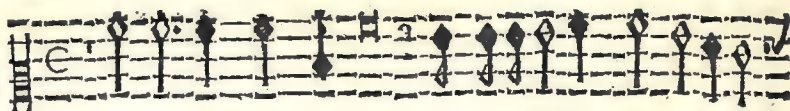


then shew my Sin, my Sin, then shew my Sin, and in thy Service guide me. thy



Service guide

me.



Vccour me Lord, Saue me with expediti'on, with expedi-



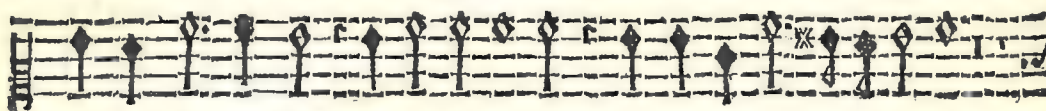
ti'on, My Spirit fainteth: therefore mine affecti'on, My Spirit



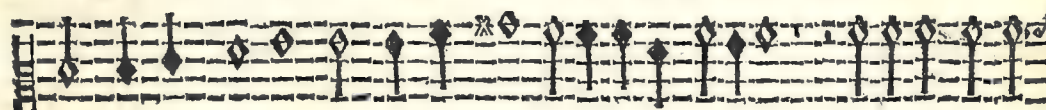
fainteth, fainteth, My Spirit fainteth, fainteth: therefore mine affecti'on, My



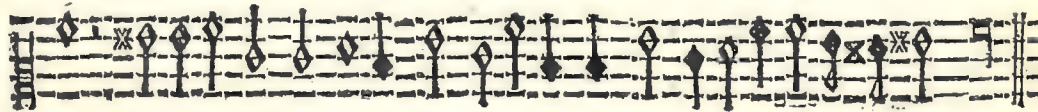
Minde, my Soule I lift with all Submissi'on, with all Submissi'on, To thee my



Lord, my God, my God and my Protecti'on: and my Protecti'on:



Draw me from Danger, Draw me from Danger vnder thy Tuiti'on: For I thy Seruant



am, For I thy Seruant am by thine Electi'on. by thine Electi'on.

FINIS

QVINTVS.

MVSICA SACRA:
TO
Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue

BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

3

To the vertuous Louers of Musicke.



*These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by
S^r Francisco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so
admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Mu-
sicians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the
Substance of them being drawn from those seauen nota-
ble Psalmes called Penetentials; indited by that Sweete
Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee
thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to
this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composi-
tion, as to giue a profitable Delight unto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing
the generall applause given these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though
sometimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our
English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the
rather, because through their want of understanding the Italian, they are depri-
ued of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note
may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which con-
uayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that
doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocondnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie,
or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (speci-
ally) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the
world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all
other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be eased and God
glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motive to
some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God,
in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was en-
couraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these
(otherwise destinate to priuacie) unto the view of the world: Although I am not
Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen
of more exact labours) upon the Shelves of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will
winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if
(after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please
him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe,
and vse them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight.
Fare yee well.*

Your well-willer

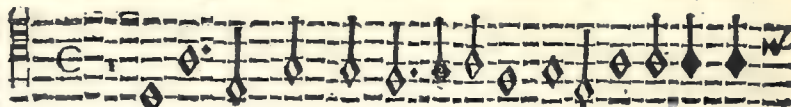
R. H.

FIRST SONNET

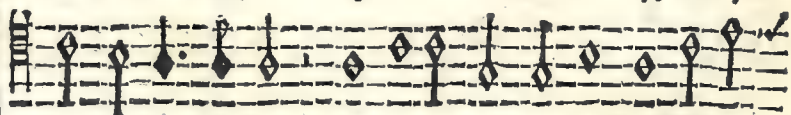
Ex Pſal. 6.

Ord, in thy wrath reprove mee not ſeuearly,
 Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure:
 Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding meaſure,
 For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearly.

Saue it (O Lord) Almightye-moſt Supernall,
 Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:
 For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
 Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall?
 Long haue I Languiſht in my grievous Sorrow's,
 My bed and boſome, with my teares I water:
 My foes Deſpight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
 But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
 Hence yee wicked, ſith God (ſo gracious for vs)
 Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.



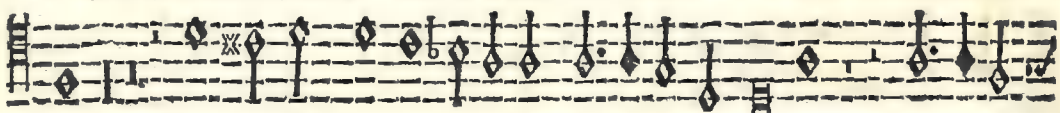
Ord in thy wrath reprove me not feuearly, in thy



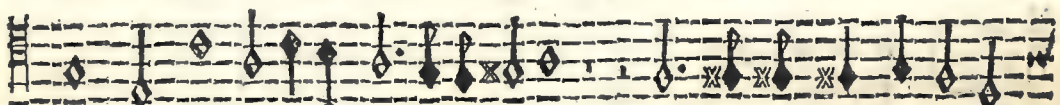
wrath reprove me not: Lord in thy wrath reprove me not fe-



uearly: not feuearly: Nor punish me in thy deferu'd displea-



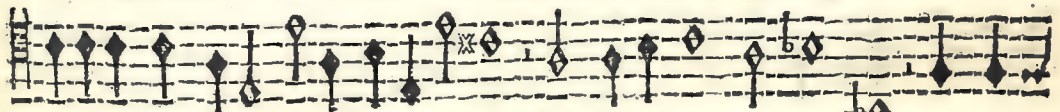
feares, my Soule, is vexed drear-



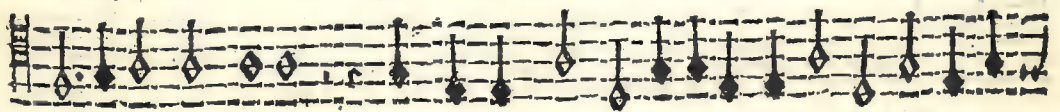
ly. Saue it O Lord Almightye:



Saue it O Lord Almightye, Saue it O Lord Almightye-most Supernall: Saue



ing: For who in deep Hell, deep Hell, and fierce



Torments frying, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall: or can ex-



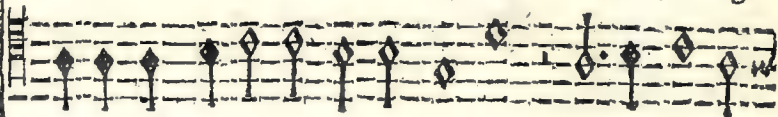
toll th'Eternall: th'Eter-

nall:

A.iiij.



Ong haue I Languisht in my grievous Sorrow's: Long



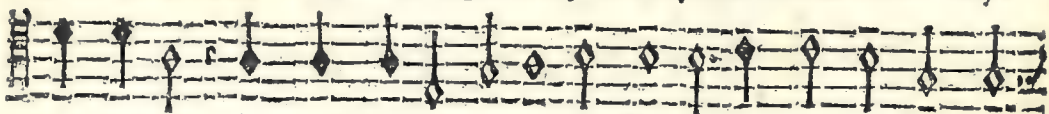
haue I Languisht in my grievous Sorrow's: in my grievous



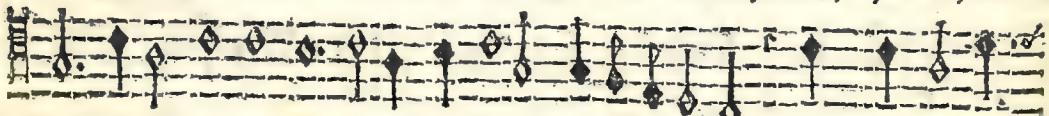
Sorrow's: My Bed and bosom, with my tear's I water: My foes Despight, hath



plow'd my face: My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's: My



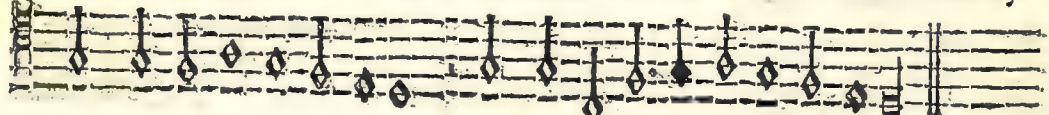
foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's. But now my Soule, my Soule, But



now my: Soule let th'ungodly, th'ungodly Seat- ter: Hence, hence ye wic-



ked, Sith God so gratio'us for vs, Sith God so gratio'us for. vs: Hath heard my



moan, and doth regard my matter. and doth regard, regard my matter.

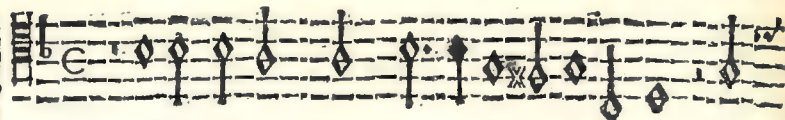
7
SECOND SONNET

Ex Pſal. 32.

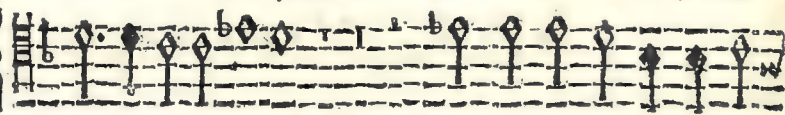


Blessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:
And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

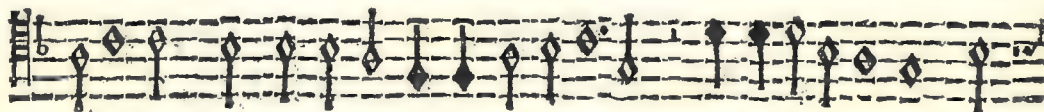
Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;
Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.
O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,
Deliuier me my God which art Almightye:
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)
But those that place in thee their expectation,
Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Lessed are they, whose faults so oft forbid- den, whose



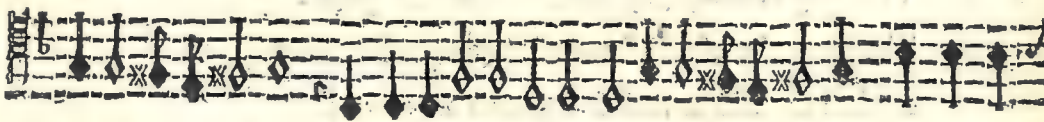
faults so oft forbidden, Haue free forgienes and full



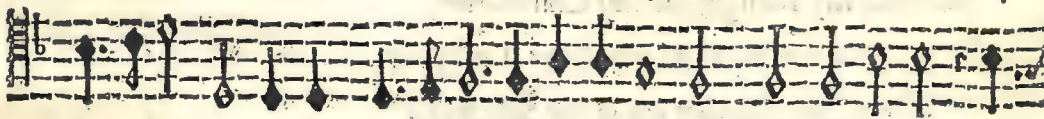
remissi'on: Haue free forgienes, and full remissi'on: And a full remissi'on: And



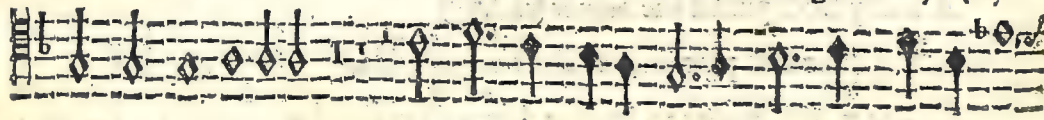
they whose Sins of Act, And they whose Sins, whose Sins of Act, and of Omis- si'on,



Omis- si'on; Are not Imputed, but in mercy hid- den. Therefore my



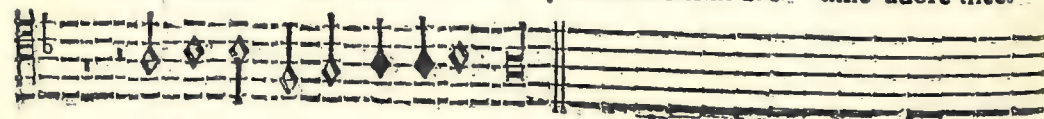
Crime, Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee, Which graci'ously (my



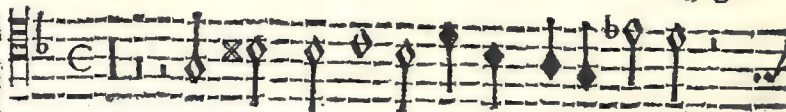
God) thou hast forgiven: The more therefore I Laude, I Laude thee (King of



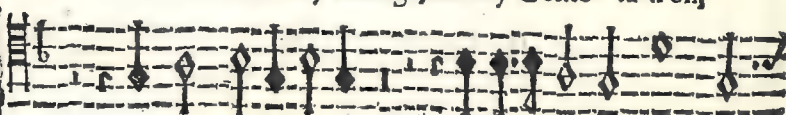
Heau'n) In due time adore thee. And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.



in due time, in due time adore thee.



Thou my Refuge, and my Conso- la-ti'on,



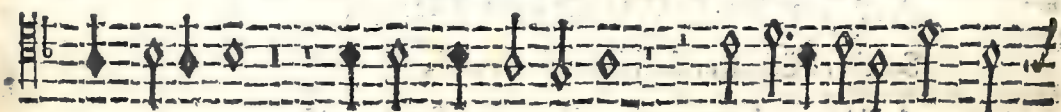
and my Conso- lati'on, De-liuer me my God which



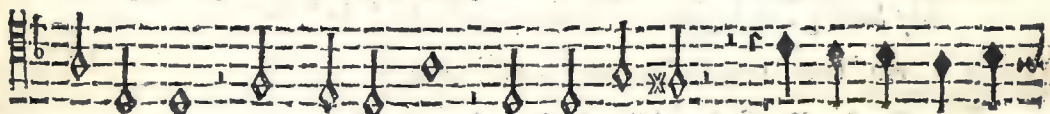
art Almighty; De-liuer me my God which art Almigh- tie, From Enemies,



that en-uie my Saluati'on, my Sal- ua- ti'on. A many Rods pursue the Sin-



ner right- ly, But those that place in thee, their Expec- ta- ti'on, Grace



shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vp-

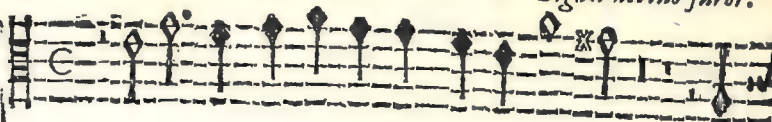


rightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.

Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprocue me,
 Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
 For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
 Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
 Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:
 Because my Sins so Wholely ouercame mee,
 Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
 And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.
 My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
 And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
 But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.
 In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me:
 Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canst best bested me)
 Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.

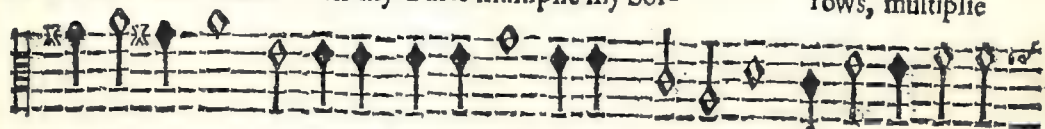


Ord in thine Anger doe no more reprove me: Nor

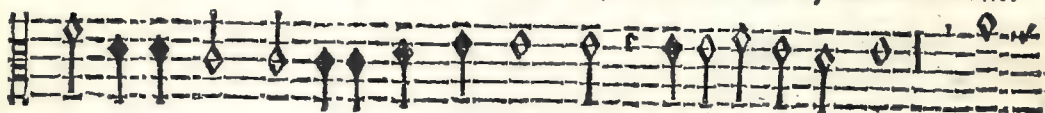


in thy Furie multiplie my Sor-

rows, multiplie



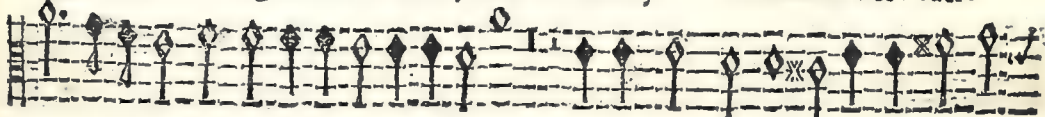
my Sor- rows: For in my flesh I Feele; in my Flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:



Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes moue mee. Sick in it selfe my Soule doth



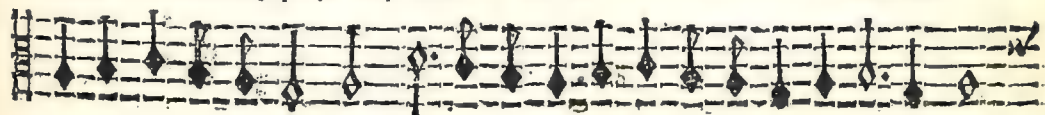
Sigh, and Lan- guish: Because my Sins so wholly overcame mee: over-



came me, Soely afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I; and all humbled

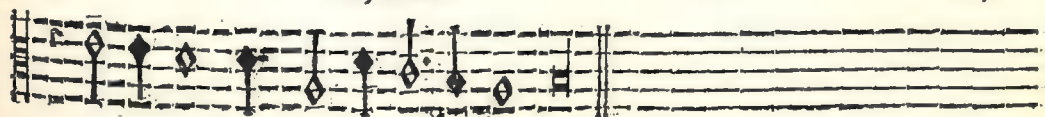


am I; And in my playnt my hart Roars out; Roars



out, Roars

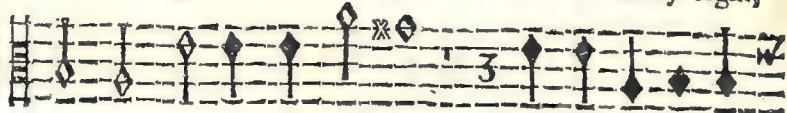
out,



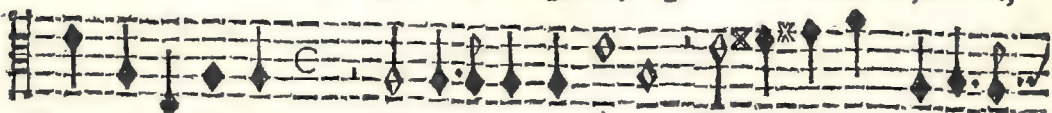
for an- guish. for an- guish.



Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight,



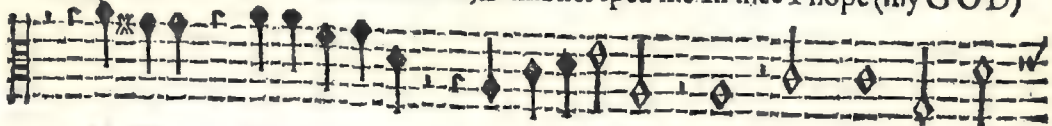
my Sight, and my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, fled me,



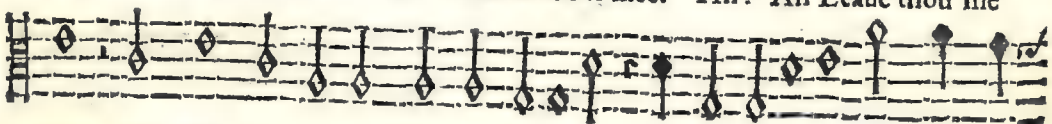
hath fled me, fled me: And eu'rie one Endeauours to vndoo me: But I as



Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me In thee I hope (my GOD)



Ah listen, Ah, listen to me. Ah listen to mee: Ah! Ah Leauce thou me



not: Ah Leauce thou me not, Thou, my Saluati'on, thou my Saluati'on, and Comfort



sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee,

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Pſal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,

And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;

O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;

For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee;

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,

Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,

So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,

And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)

Are th'onely Sacrifice thou Ioy'st in euer.



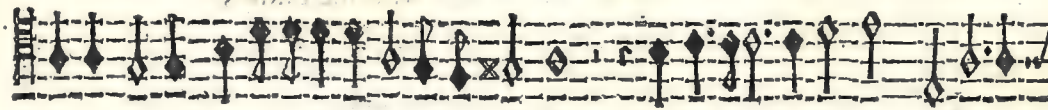
Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, most haynous



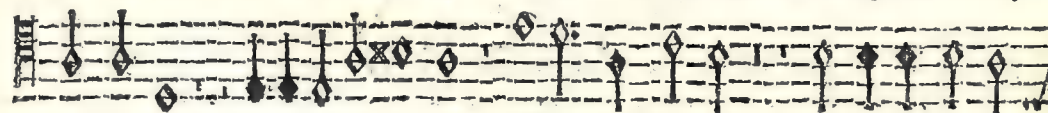
haynous Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so



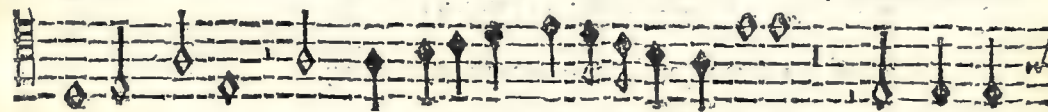
grievous, grievous guiltie: O cleane me from it, And Puri-



fie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy: For in thy



Sight O Lord I am onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest my Sinfull Mother



bore me: But O thou Guide vnto the heau'n-ly Cittie: Wash, O wash



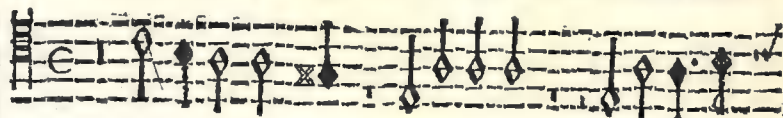
my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shal no Snow, no Snow, in whitenes, So



shal no Snow, no Snow, So shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me.



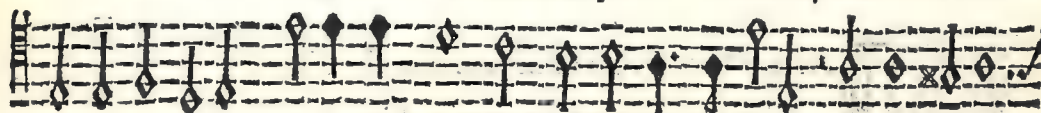
So shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before mee.



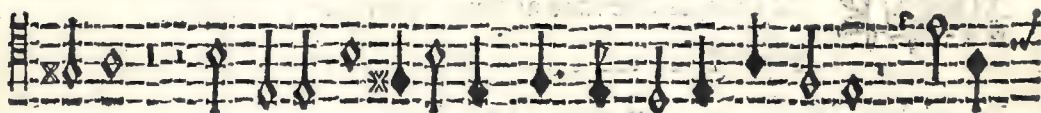
Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted. an vntainted



Spirit: an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and Face



bereauce me neuer: And of thy Grace and Face bereauce me neuer: bereauce me ne-



uer. So shall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: and feare it: thy



Name and feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Service more and



more, thy Service more and more, and more Endeauour: Are th'only Sa-cri-



fice thou Ioyest in E-uer. Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioyest in



E-uer. thou Ioyest in E-uer.

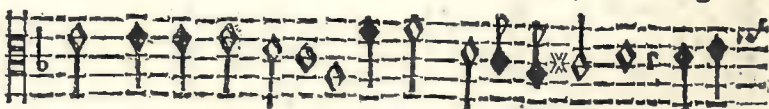
FIFT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

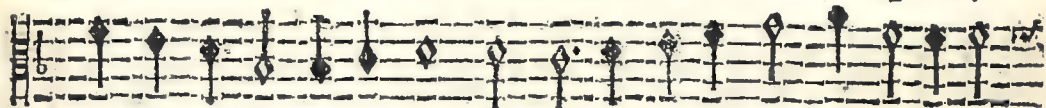
Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger :
 My Dayes doe vade as Sinoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nst thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying :
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce VVrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nations shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah ! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.



Arken Lord vnto mine humble Play- nings ;



Hide not thy face for euer, in thine An- ger : My



Dayes doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, My dayes doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Lan-



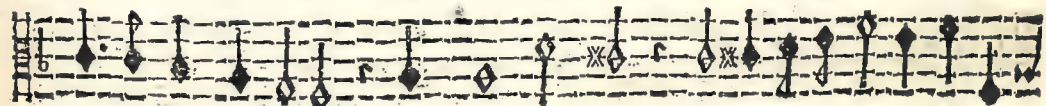
gor, Hyes (hyes) to thee, why Shun'st thou my Com- playnings? Hyes (hyes)



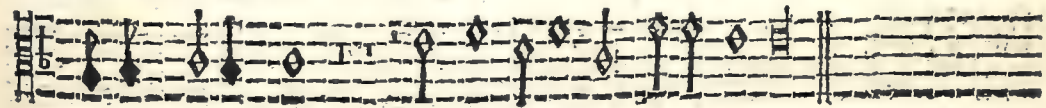
to thee, why Shun'st thou my Complaynings? Friends haue I none, now from mee



All are fly- ing : In stead of Bread, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed I



haue ben fed with Ashes : My Drinck, my Tear's ; While I haue felt the Lashes,



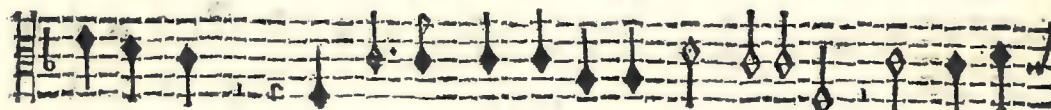
Of thy fierce Wrath, For all, for all mine often Cryings.



LL Kings and Nati'ons, shall admi'er, ad-mi-er thy



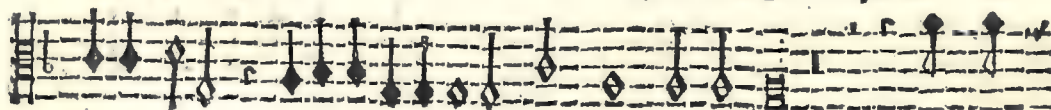
Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendest, of



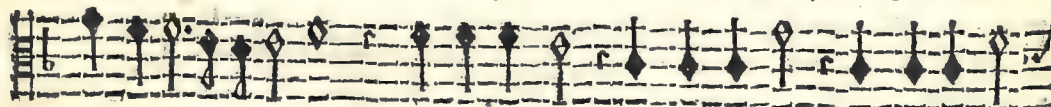
humble Soules, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules attendest; It shall be



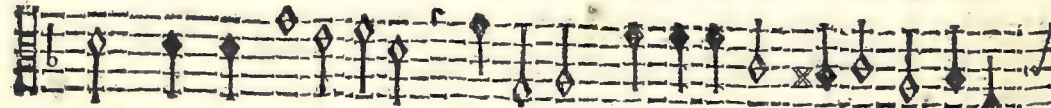
Writ, in an Eternall Sto- rie; It shall be Writ, It shall be Writ, in an E-



ternall Story. in an Eternall Story. Ah Leau- me not thou; Thou that



All Defen- dest: That madest All, That madest All, That madest All



(Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an hoarie, ho- ry) That neuer didst Begin, and neuer

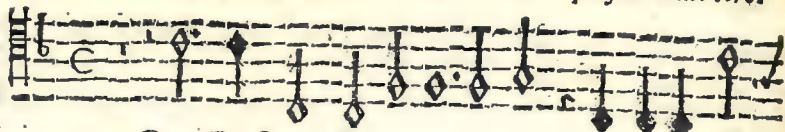


En- dest. and ne- uer En- dest.

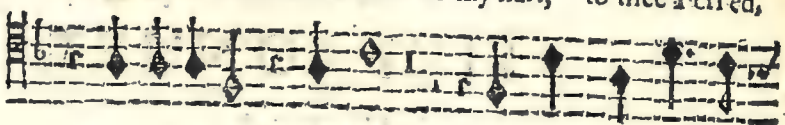
SIXT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

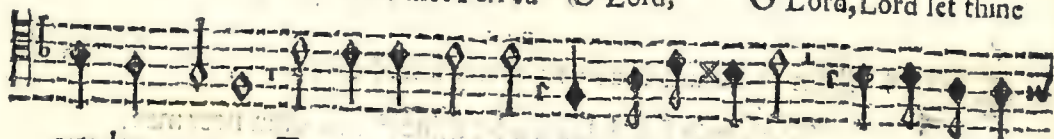
From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee;
 To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
 Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
 LORD, if thou looke with RIGOR downe into Vs,
 To mark our SIN, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If MERCY thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo Vs?
 Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
 Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE possesed;
 With thee is MERCY, that thou maist bee feared;
 MERCY, for those that are in SOVLE depressed.
 ISRAELS Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeed
 Becom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT, and BLESS'D.



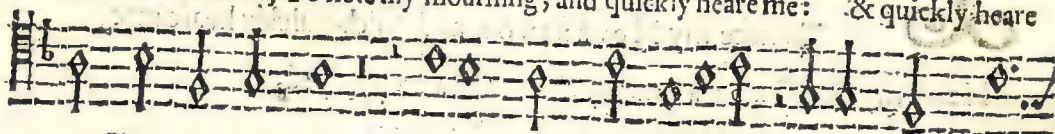
From Profound Center of my hart, to thee I cri'd,



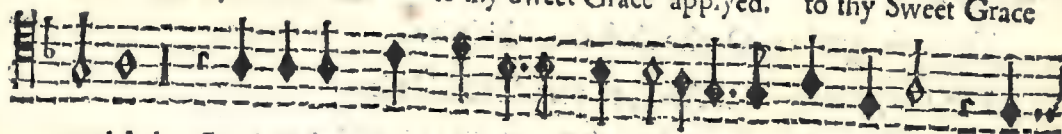
to thee I cri'd O Lord, O Lord, Lord let thine



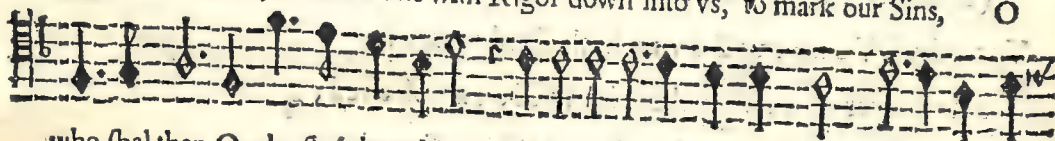
care draw neere me, To note my mourning; and quickly heare me: & quickly heare



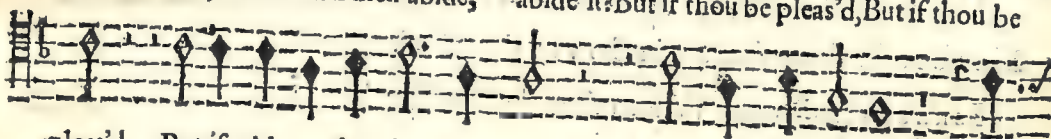
me: Heare my Sad Groanes to thy Sweet Grace applyed. to thy Sweet Grace



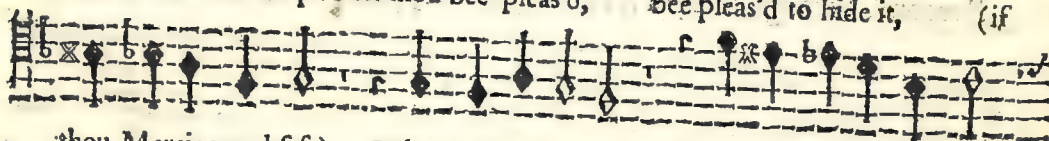
apply'ed. Lord, if thou looke with Rigor down into vs, to mark our Sins, O



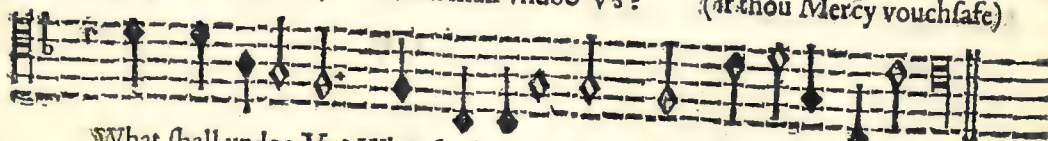
who shal then, O who shal then abide, abide it? But if thou be pleas'd, But if thou be



pleas'd, But if with pardon thou bee pleas'd, bee pleas'd to hide it, (if



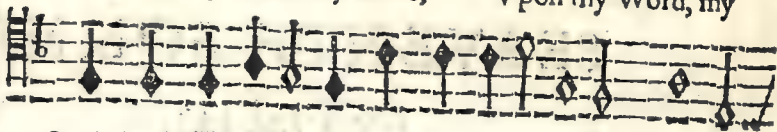
thou Mercie vouchsafe) What shall vndoo Vs? (if thou Mercie vouchsafe)



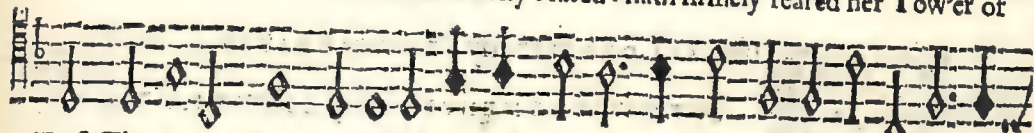
What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo, vndoo Vs?



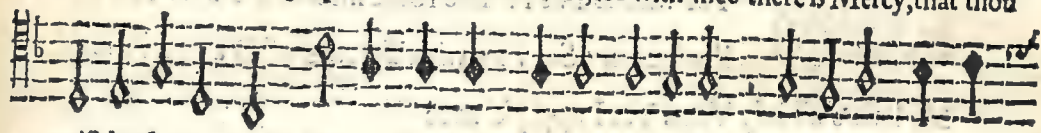
Pon thy Word my Soule, Vpon thy Word, my



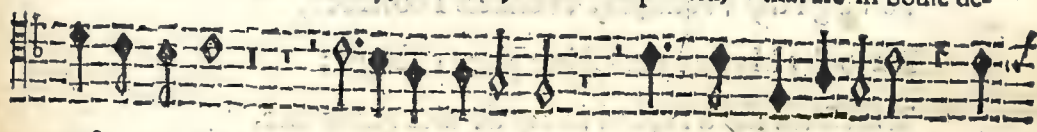
Soule hath firmly reared : hath firmly reared her Tow'cr of



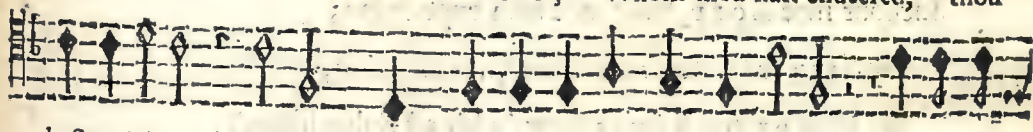
Trust; Ther is my Hope possessed; for with thee, for with thee there is Mercy, that thou



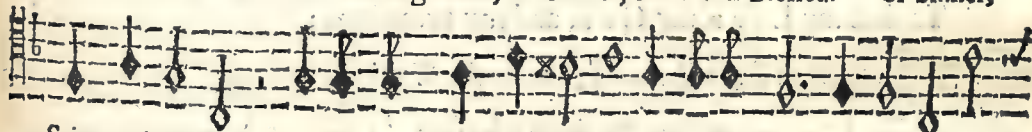
maist be feared ; Mercy, for those, that are depressed, that are in Soule de-



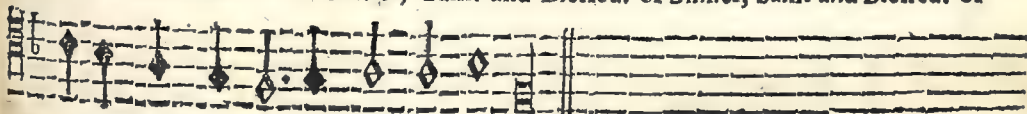
pressed. If-ra-els Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered, thou



hast endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner,



Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of



Sinner, Saint and Blessed, Saint and Blessed.

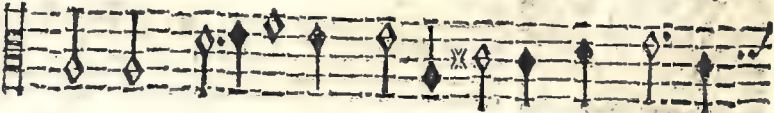
SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.

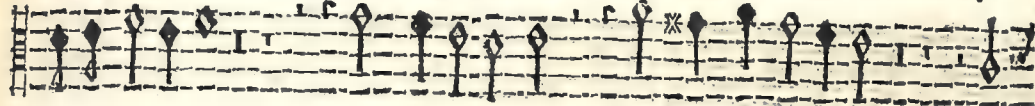
Listen O LORD vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,
 Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:
 For who is IUST? The foule infernall TEMPTER
 Pursues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESTAYRE.
 My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
 To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
 But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reserued;
 Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.
 Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition;
 My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,
 My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submission)
 To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:
 Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,
 For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.



Isten, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer, my



Prostrate pray- er, Nor in- to Iudgment with thy



Seruant en- ter : For who, is Iust? For who, O who is Iust? The



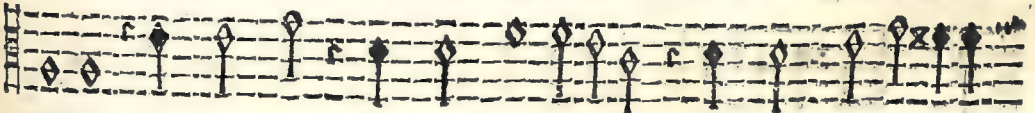
foule In-fernall Tempter pursues my Soule with terrors, with terrors of Despay'r.



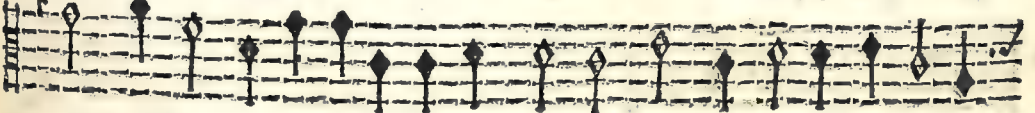
My hart's all inly vexed, inly vexed, My hart's all inly vexed: Yet I apply'd



me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued, But to thy Mercy, But to thy



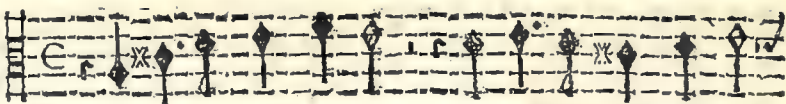
Mercy the Chief place, the Chief place reserued: the Chief place reserued:



Then Shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me. Then shew my Sin, shew my Sin,



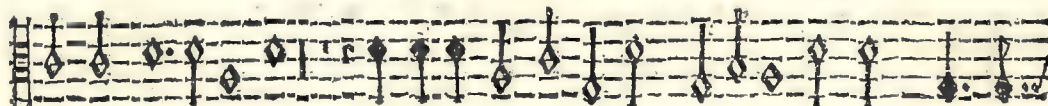
Then shew my Sin, my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.



Vccour me Lord, Saue me, Succour me Lord, saue me



with expe-diti'on, with expe-di-ti'on, My Spirit fainteth,



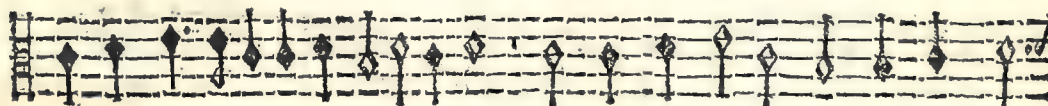
therfore mine affecti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therfore mine affecti'on, My Minde, my



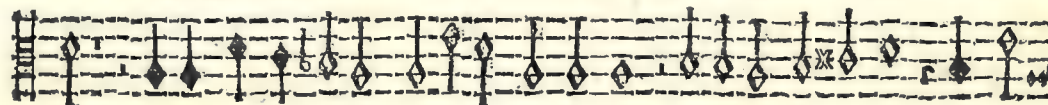
Soule I lift with all Submis-si'on, with all Submissi'on, To thee my Lord, my



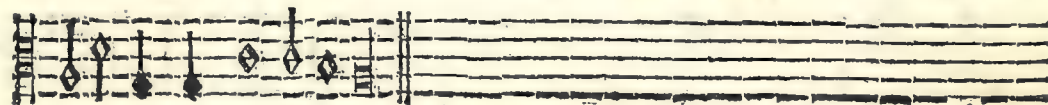
God, my God, my God, and my Protecti'on: and my Protecti'on: Draw



me from Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; Draw me from Danger, Draw me from Dan-



ger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by thine



Electi'on. by thine Electi'on.

FINIS.

TENOR.

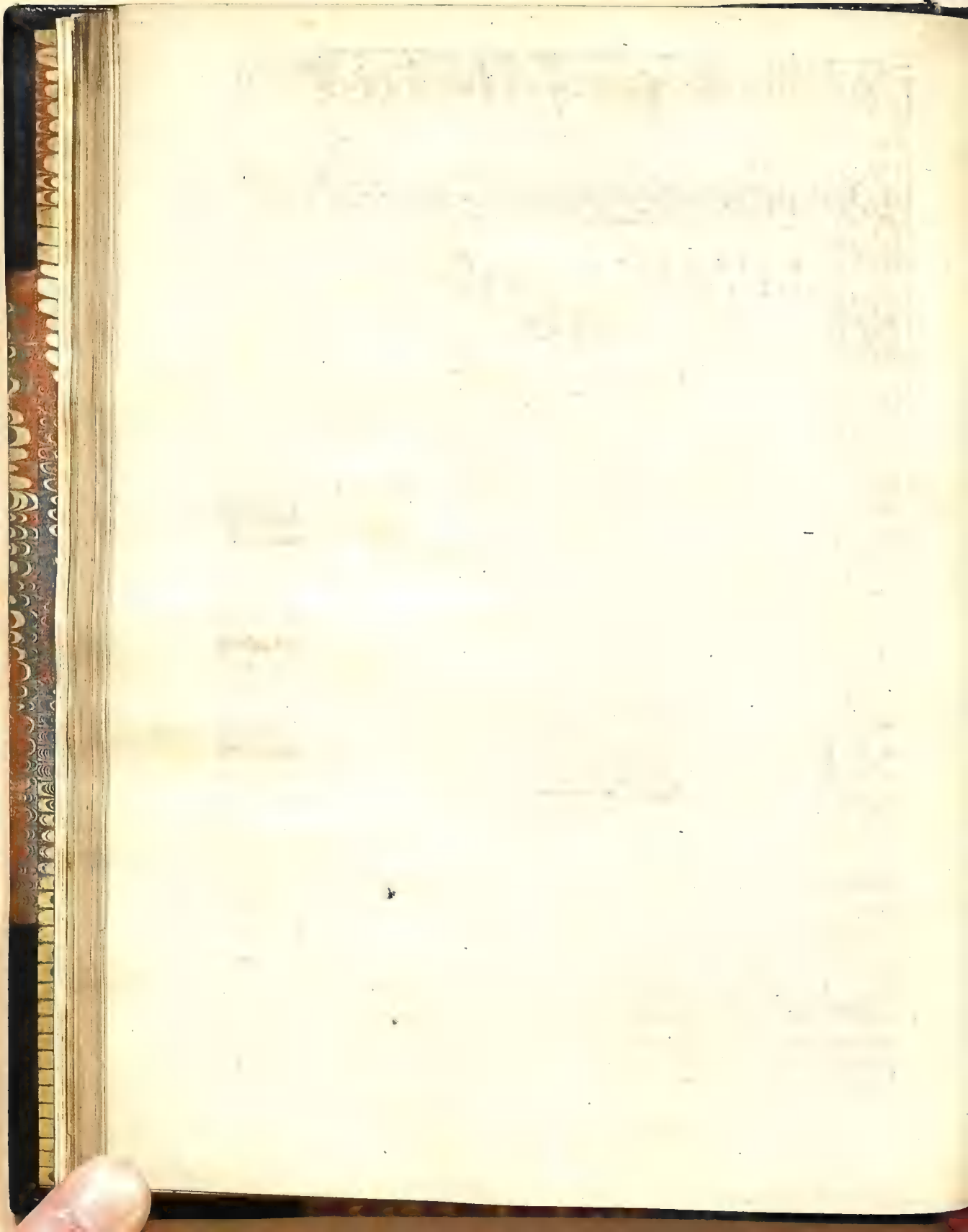
MVSICA SACRA:
TO
Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue
BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.



3

To the vertuous Louers of Musicke.



These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Musicians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the Substance of them being drawn from those seauen notable Psalmes called Penetentials; indited by that Sweete Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composition, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing the generall applause given these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though sometimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the rather, because through their want of vnderstanding the Italian, they are deprived of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which conuayed with the Musicke to the intellectual. Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocundnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie, or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especially) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motiue to some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God, in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was encouraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these (otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen of more exact labours) vpon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if (after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe, and vse them to the glory of God, and your laudable and Christian delight. Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

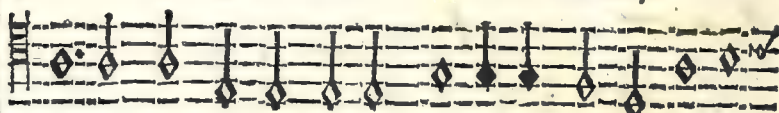
Ex Psal. 6.



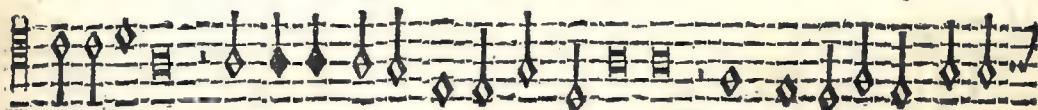
Ord, in thy wrath reprove mee not severely,
 Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure:
 Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,
 For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearily.
 Saue it (O Lord) Almighty-most Supernall,
 Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:
 For who in deep Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
 Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall?
 Long haue I Languisht in my grievous Sorrow's,
 My Bed and bosome, with my teares I water:
 My foes Despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
 But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
 Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for vs)
 Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.



Ord, in thy wrath reproue me not fearely, Lord



in thy wrath reproue me not : Lord in thy wrath reproue me



not fearely, Nor punish me in thy deferu'd displeasure : Haue mercie on my Sins ex-



ceeding mea-

sure : For full of feares,

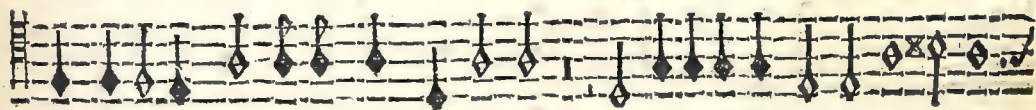


my Soule is vex-

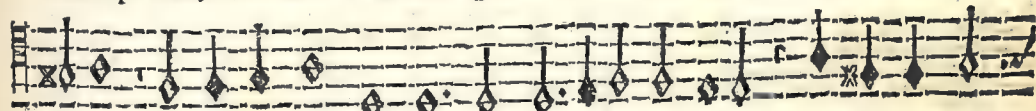
ed drear-

ly.

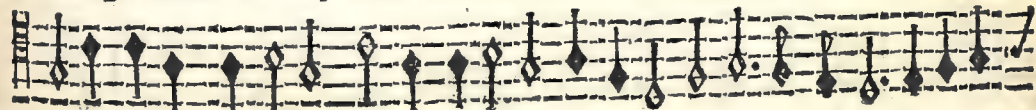
Saue it O Lord Almighty



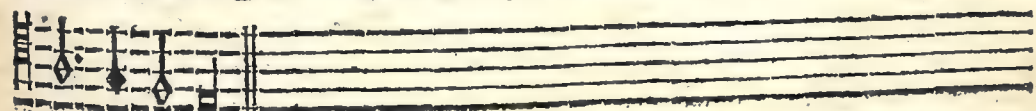
most Supernall, Saue it O Lord Almighty : Saue it, alas, from th'euer-ne-uer Dy-



ing : For who in deep Hell, and fierce Torments fryng, Shall sing thy praise,



or can extoll th'Eternall : or can extoll, or can extoll th'Eter-



nall :

A. iij.



Ong haue I Lan- guisht, Long haue I Languisht
 in my griueous Sor- row's: My Bed and bosom,
 with my tear's I water: My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's:
 My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's: hath plow'd my face,
 hath plow'd my face with furrow's: But now my Soule, my Soule, let th'ungod-
 ly Scat- ter: Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God so gratio'us, Sith God so gratio'us,
 God so gratio'us, God so gratio'us for vs: Hath heard my moan, and doth regard
 my mat- ter. and doth regard, regard my mat- ter.

SECOND SONNET

Ex Psal. 32.



Blessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)

Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:

And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)

Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;

Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:

The more therefore I Laud thee (King of Heauen)

And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.

O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,

Deliuier me my God which art Almighty:

From Enemies that enuie my Salvation.

A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)

But those that place in thee their expectation,

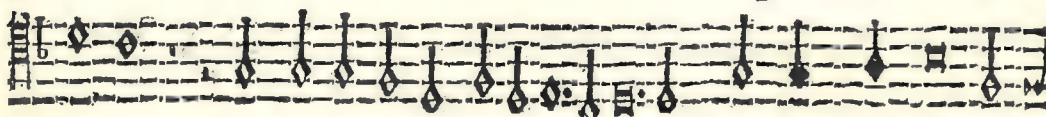
Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Lessed are they, whose faults so oft forbidden, whose



faults so oft forbidden, Haue free forgiuenes and a full re-



missi'on :: Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remissi'on : And they whose Sins, And



they whose Sins, whose Sins of Act, and of Omissi'on, Are not Imputed, but in



mercy hidden. Therefore my Crime, Therefore my Crime I haue confest before



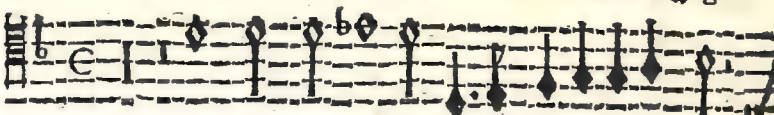
thee, Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen: The more therefore I



Laude, thee (King of Heau'n) And all thy Saints shall in due time, all thy



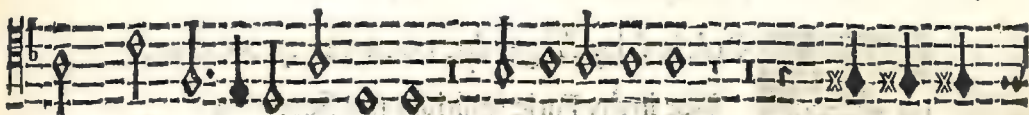
Saints shall in due time, And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.



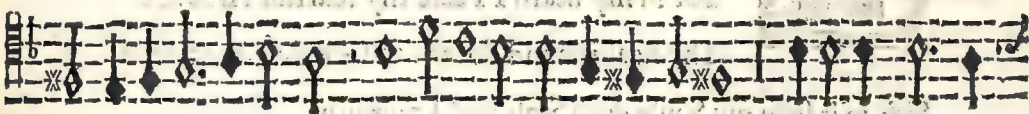
Thou my Refuge and my Conso-la- ti'on,



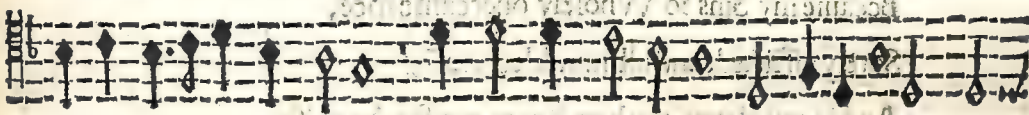
my Conso-la- ti'on, Deliuier me my



God, which art Almighty: which art Almighty: From E- ne-



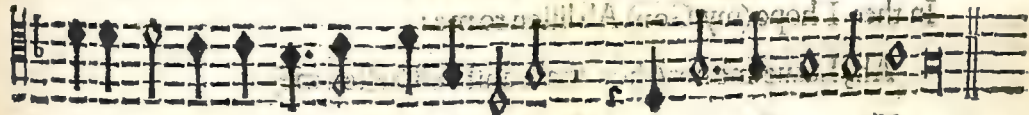
mies that en- uie my Saluati'on. my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods pur-



sue the Sin- ner rightly; But those that place in thee their Expectati'on, Grace



shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vpright-



ly. vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.



Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprooue me,
Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.

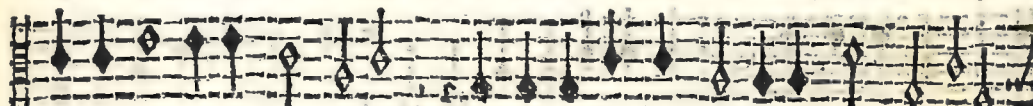
Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:
Because my Sins so VVholely ouercame mee,
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.
My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.
In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me:
Ah, Leau me not (thou that canst best bested me)
Thou my Salvation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



Ord in thine Anger doe no more reprove me :



Nor in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrow's : For in my



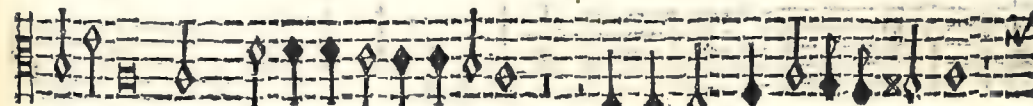
fleash I Feele; in my Fleash I feele thy fearfull Arrows; Thy heauie hand doth vnto



Goodnesse moue me. Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish; doth



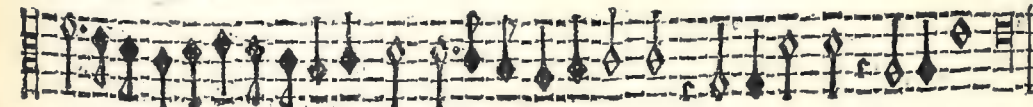
Sigh and Lan- guish: Because my Sins so wholly, because my Sins so wholly



ouercame mee : Sorely afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I :



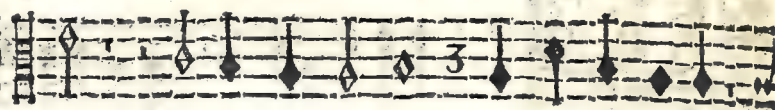
And in my plaint my hart Roars out,



Roars out, Roars out, for anguish. for anguish.



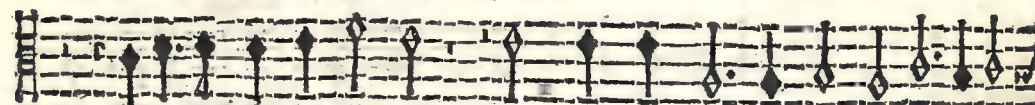
Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's



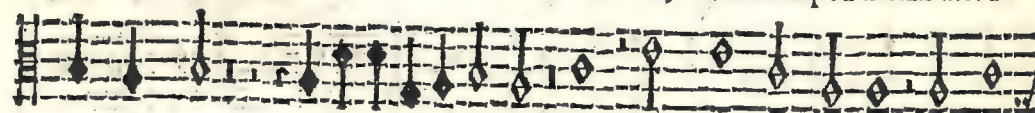
me, And my Sight, my Sight hath fled me, fled me,



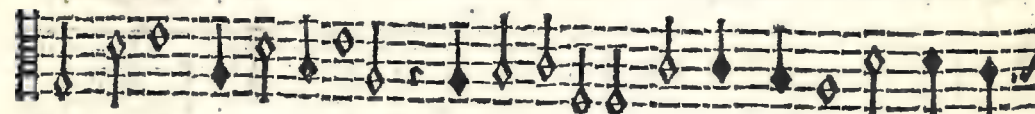
hath fled me, fled me: And eu'rie one Endeauours, Endeauours to vndoo me:



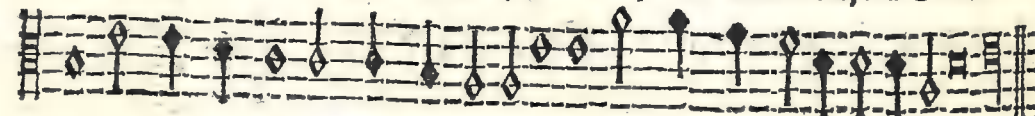
But I as Deafned, the while with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I



hope (my GOD) Ah listen, listen to me. Ah! Ah Leauue thou me not: Ah Leauue



thou me not, Thou, my Saluati'on, thou my Saluati'on, and Comfort sole, and Comfort



sole, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto me, and Comfort sole vnto me. vnto me.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,

And mortifie my Sin so grievous guiltie;

O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;

For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee;

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,

Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,

So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

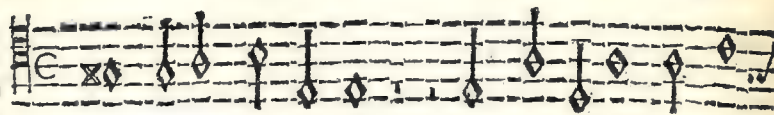
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,

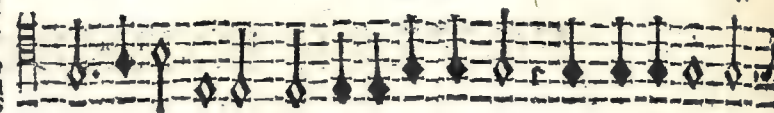
And to thy Seruice more and more endeaour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auerr it)

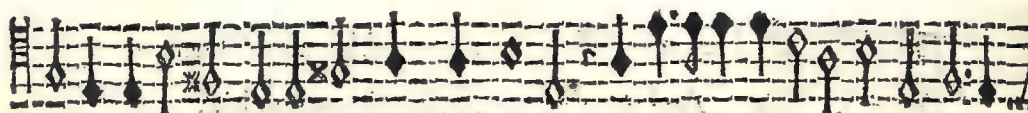
Are th'onely Sacrifice thou loy'st in euer.



Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, most hay-



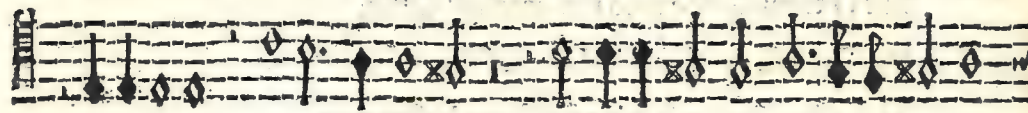
nous Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous.



guiltie: so grieuous guiltie: O cleanse me from it, And Purifie me Filthy, me Fil-



thy, and Purifie me Filthy, me Filthy: For in thy Sight Lord I am onely,



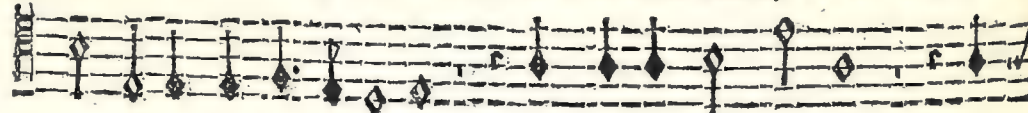
onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest my Sinfull Mother bore me:



Thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Citie: Wash, O wash my Soule



in Lauer of thy pittie: So shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no



Snow in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow: So



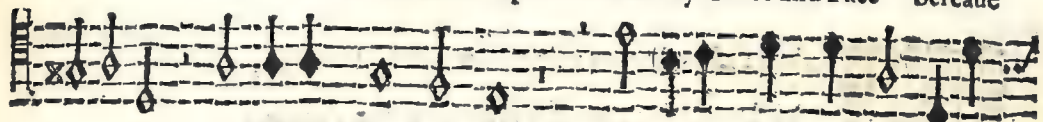
shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before mee,



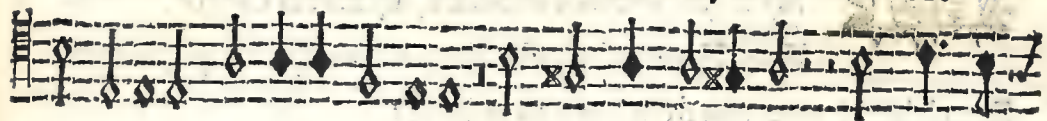
Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit,



an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and Face bereaue



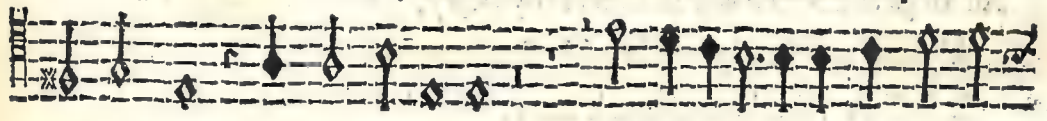
me neuer : And of thy Grace and Face, And of thy Grace and Face be-



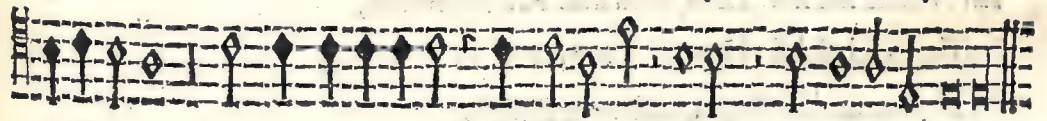
reaue me neuer : So shall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name and



feare it: thy Name and feare, thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice



more and more, and more Endeauour : Are th'only Sa-crifice thou Ioy'st in

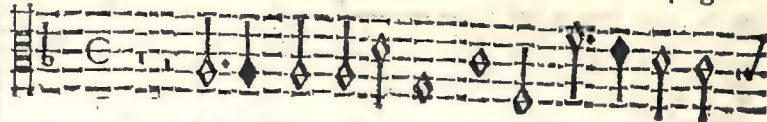


Euer. Are th'only Sacrifice thou Ioyest in Euer, thou Ioyest in Euer.

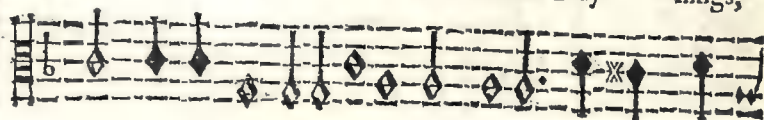
FIFT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nst thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nations shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Hea'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.



Arken Lord vnto mine humble Play- nings,



Hide not thy face for euer in thine Anger : My Dayes



doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, doe vade as Smoak, My hart in Lan- gor, Hyes



(flies) to thee, why Shun't thou my Complaynings? my Complaynings? Friends



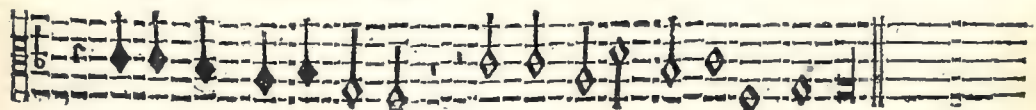
haue I, none, Friends-haue I none, now from mee All are flying: In stead of



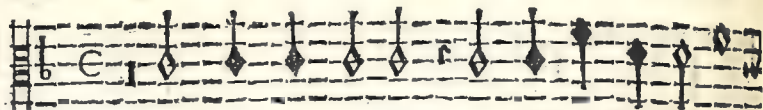
Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes : In stead of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes :



My Drinck my Tear's; While I haue felt the Lashes, Of thy fierce Wrath,



While I haue felt the Lashes, For all, for all mine often Cryings.



LL Kings and Nati'ons shall admi'er, admi'er thy



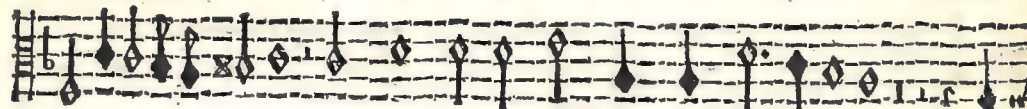
Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of th'umble, When



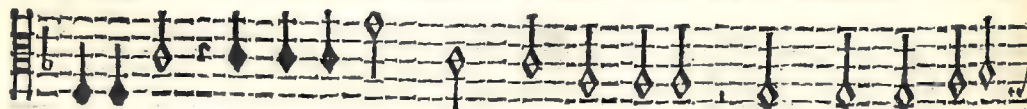
thou the Sighs of humble Soules atten- dest; It shall be Writ in an Eternall



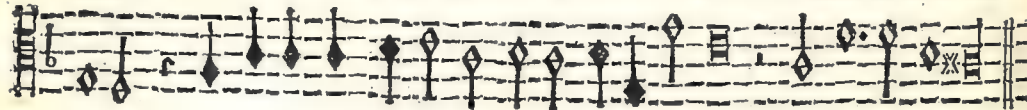
Story. It shall bee Writ, It shall bee Writ, in an Eternall Storie. in



an Eternall Story. Ah! Leau'e me not thou, Thou that All Defendest, That



madest All, That madest All (Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an, Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an

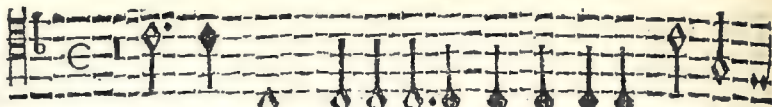


hoarie) That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest, and neuer Endest.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
 To note my MOURNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
 Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.
 LORD, if thou looke with RIGOUR downe into Vs,
 To mark our SIN, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If MERCY thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo Vs?
 Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
 Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE possesed;
 With thee is MERCY, that thou maist bee feared;
 MERCY, for those that are in SOVLE depressed.
 ISRAEL'S Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered
 Becom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT, and BLESSED.



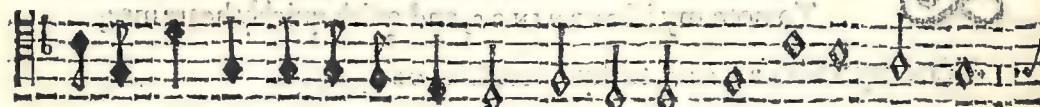
From Profound Center of my hart, to thee I cri'd, I



cri'd: to thee I cri'd O Lord, O Lord, Lord let thine



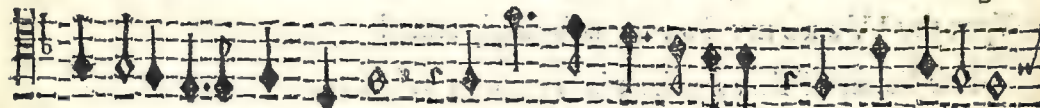
care draw neere mee, To note my mourning; To note my mourning, and



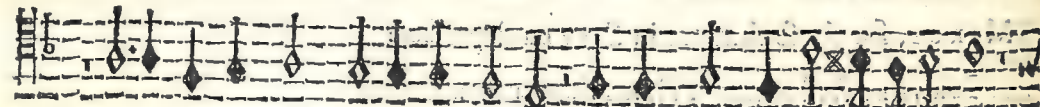
quickly heare mee:and quickly heare mee:Heare my Sad Groanes to thy Sweet Grace,



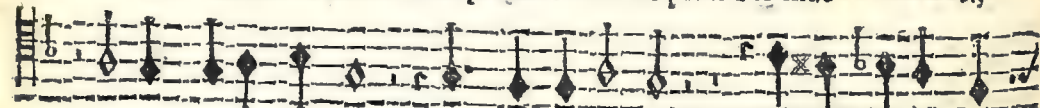
To thy Sweet Grace: To thy Sweet Grace apply'd: Lord, if thou looke with Rigor



down into Vs, to mark our Sins, O who shall then abide it? who shall abide it?



But if thou be pleas'd: But if with pardon thou be pleas'd to hide it,



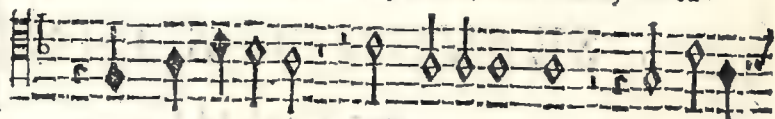
(If thou Mercy vouchsafe) what shall vndoo Vs? (if thou Mercy vouch-



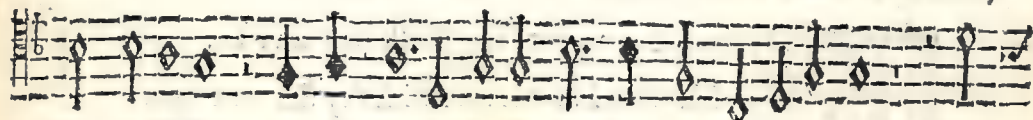
safe, What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo Vs? What shall vndoo Vs?



Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmly reared :



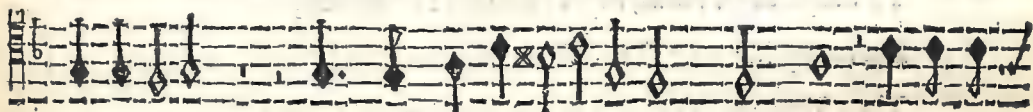
hath firmly reared her Tower of Trust; There is my



Hope possessed; for with thee is Mercy, that thou maist be fea- red; Mer-



cy, for those, that are depressed, in Soule depressed. If-ra-els Redeemer, If-ra-



els Redeemer : Whom thou hast endeered, Becom's through thee, of Sinner,



Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed.



of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed.

SEAVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.

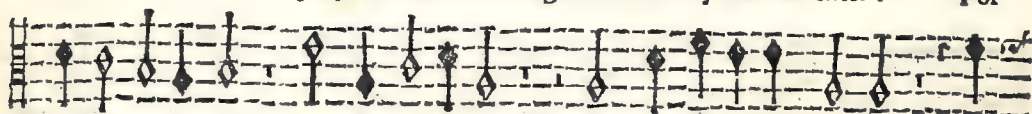
Isten O LORD vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,
 Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:
 For who is IYST? The foule infernall TEMPTER
 Pursues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESTAYRE.
 My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee
 To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,
 But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reserued;
 Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Service guide mee.
 Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition;
 My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,
 My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submission)
 To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:
 Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,
 For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.



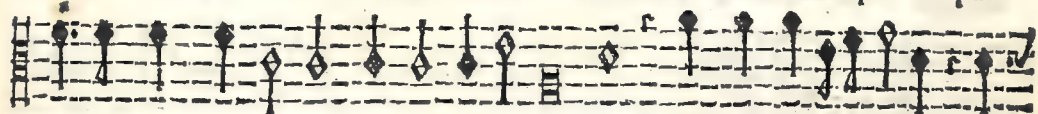
Isten, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer, Prostrate



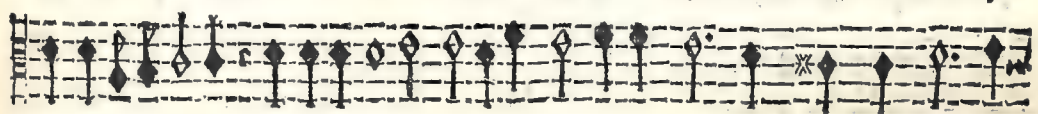
prayer, Nor into Iudgment with thy Seruant enter : For



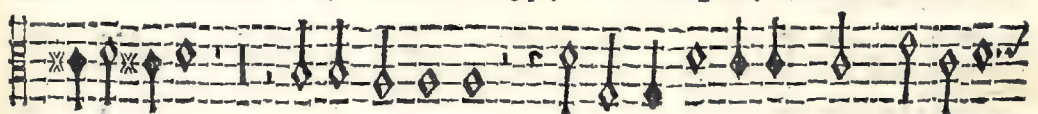
who, O who is Iust? For who, is Iust? The foule In-fernall Tempter pur-



sues my Soule with terrors, with terrors of Despay'r. My hart's all inly vexed: My



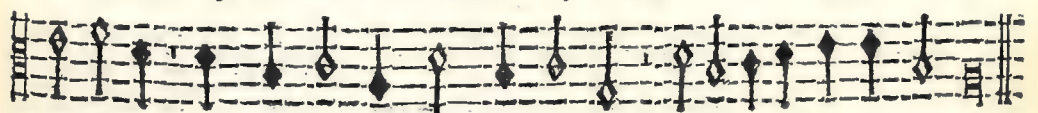
hart's all inly vexed: all inly vexed: Yet I apply'd me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders



I ob-serued, But to thy Mercy, But to thy Mercy the Chief place refer-



ued: the Chief place referued: Then Shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me. Then

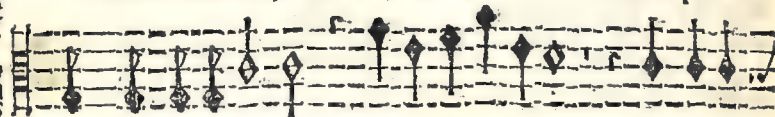


shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.

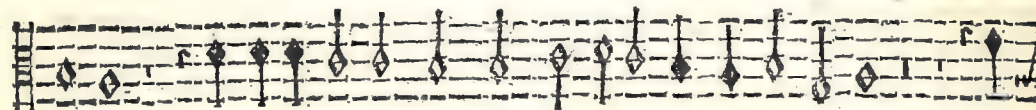


Vccour me Lord, Saue mee, faue mee

with expe-di-

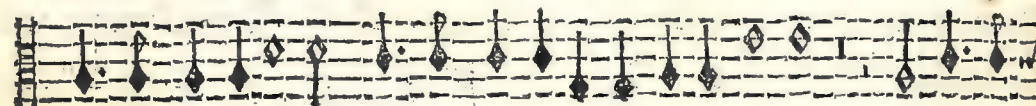


ti'on, with expe-di-ti'on, with expe-di-ti-on, My Spirit



fainteth, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affec-

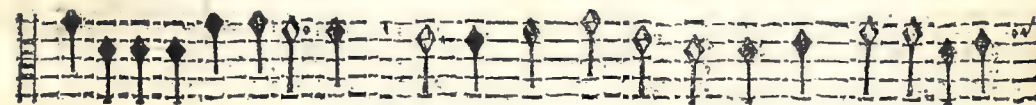
ti'on, My



Minde, my Soule I lift, my Minde my Soule I lift with all Submissi'on, To thee my



Lord, my God, my God, and my Protecti'on: my God, and my Protecti'on: Draw me from



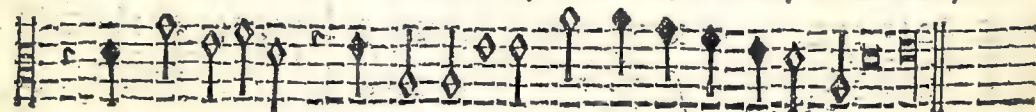
Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; Draw me from Danger, draw me from Danger vnder



thy

Tu-i-

ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by thine



by thine Electi'on. by thine Electi'on, by thine

Electi'on.

FINIS.

SEXTVS.

MVSICA SACRA:
TO
Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue

BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

3

To the vertuous Louers of Musicke.



*These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by
Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so
admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Mu-
sicians of the world; as well for their Poetrie, as Pietie (the
Substance of them being drawn from those seauen nota-
ble Psalmes called Penitentials; indited by that Sweete
Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee
thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to
this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composi-
tion, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing
the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though
sometimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our
English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the
rather, because through their want of understanding the Italian, they are depri-
ed of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note
may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which con-
uayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that
doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocundnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie,
or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especi-
ally) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the
world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all
other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God
glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motive to
some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God,
in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde. In which respects; and for that I was en-
couraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these
(otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not
Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euerm
of more exact labours) vpon the Shelves of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will
winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if
(after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please
him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe,
and vse them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight.
Fare yee well.*

Your well-willer

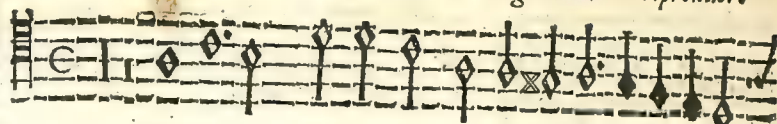
R. H.

FIRST SONNET

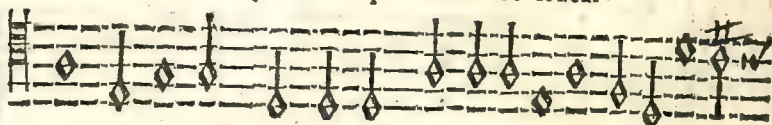
Ex Psal. 6.

Ord, in thy wrath reprove mee not fearely,
 Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure:
 Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,
 For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearly.

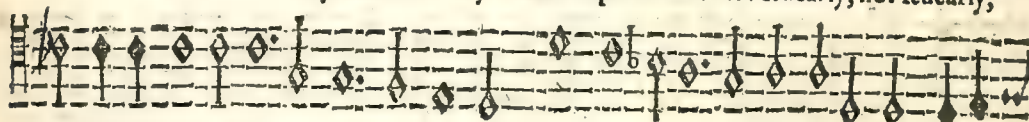
Saue it (O Lord) Almighty-moſt Supernall,
 Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:
 For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)
 Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall?
 Long haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's,
 My bed and boſome, with my teares I water:
 My foes Deſpight hath ploughd my face with furrows.
 But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:
 Hence yee wicked, ſith God (ſo gracious for vs)
 Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.



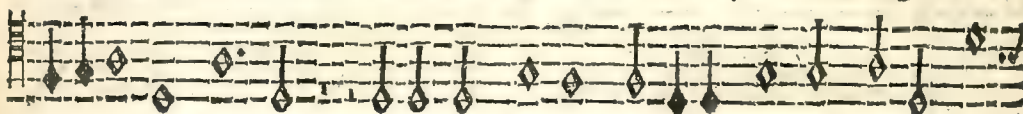
Ord in thy wrath reprove me not feear-



ly, Lord in thy wrath reprove me not feearly, not feearly,



Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure : Haue mercie on my Sins exceeding mea-



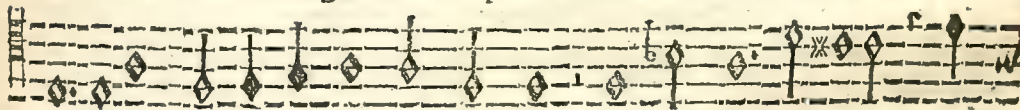
sure : My Sins, exceeding measure : For full of feares, my Soule, my Soule



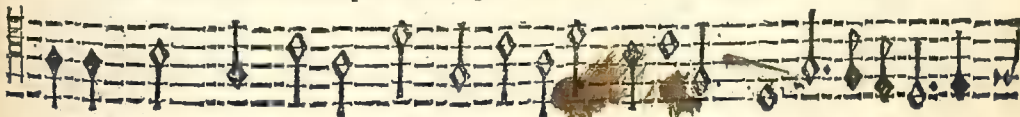
is vexed, is vexed drearily. Saue it O Lord Almighty, Saue it O Lord Almighty,



Saue it O Lord Almighty-most, Supernall, Saue it, alas, from th'euer-ne-



uer Dying : For who in deep Hell, deep Hell, and fierce Torments frying, Shall



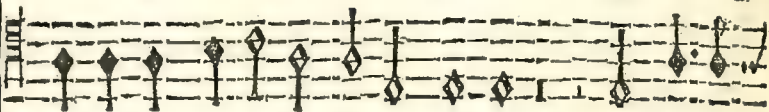
sing thy praise, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall : th'Eter-



nall ?



Ong haue I Languisht in my grievous Sorrow's: Long



haue I Languisht in my grievous Sorrow's: My Bed, and



bosom, with my tear's I water:

My foes Despight,

My foes Despight,



My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with fur-

row's,

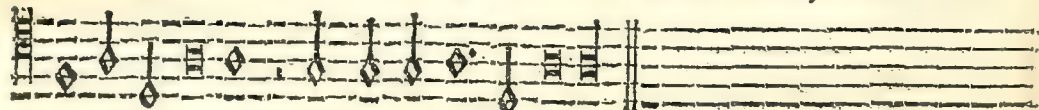
But now my



Soule, my Soule let th'ungodly Scatter: Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God so gratio'us



for vs, Sith God so gratio'us, God so gratio'us for vs: Hath heard my moan, and doth



regard my matter.

and doth regard, my matter.

7
SECOND SONNET

Ex P/al. 32.



Blessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)

Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:

And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)

Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;

Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:

The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)

And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.

O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,

Deliuier me my God which art Almighty:

From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.

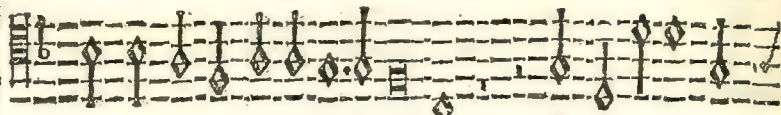
A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)

But those that place in thee their expectation,

Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



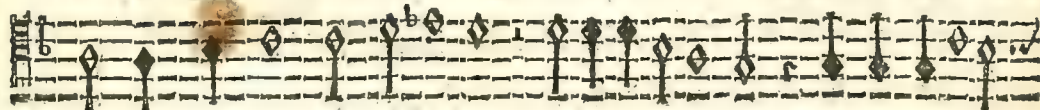
Lessed are they, whose faults so oft forbidden, Haue



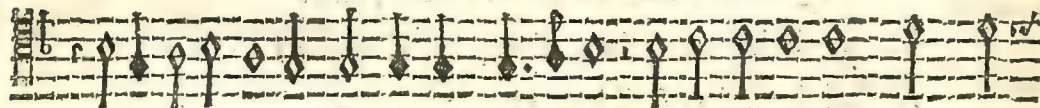
free forgiveness and a full remission: a full remission:



And a full remission: remission: And they whose Sins, they whose Sins of Act,



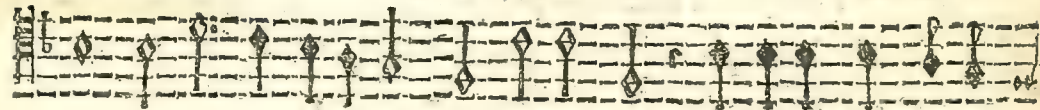
And they whose Sins, whose Sins of Act, and of Omis- sion, are not Imputed,



but in mercy hidden. Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee, Which gra-



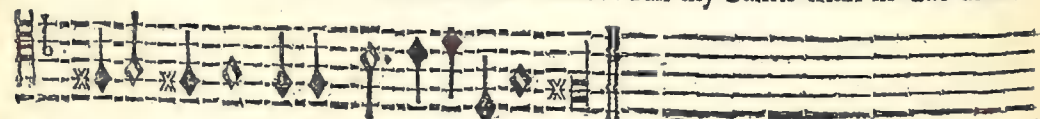
ciously (my God) thou hast forgiven: The more therefore I Laude thee (King of



Heau'n) the more therefore I Laude thee King of Heau'n, And all thy Saints shall in



due time adore thee. due time adore thee. All thy Saints shall in due time



adore thee. in due time adore, adore thee.



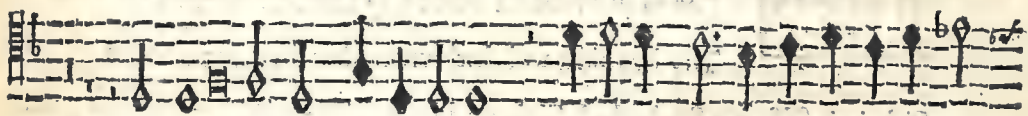
Thou my Refuge and Conso-la-



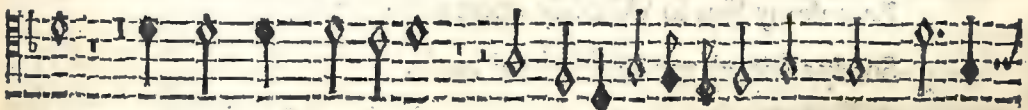
ti'on, and my Conso-lati'on, Deliuer me my God,



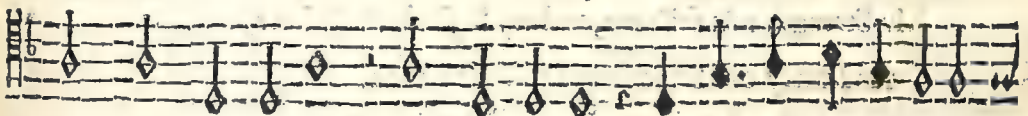
Deliuer me my God which art Almighty: From Enemies that enue



my Saluati'on. my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods pursue the Sinner right-



ly; But those that place in thee their Expecta- ti'on, Grace shall em-



brace. Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Ioy yee that walk vprightly. vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.

Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprocue me,
 Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
 For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
 Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
 Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:
 Because my Sins so Wholely ouercame mee,
 Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
 And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.
 My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
 And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
 But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.
 In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me:
 Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canst best bested me)
 Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



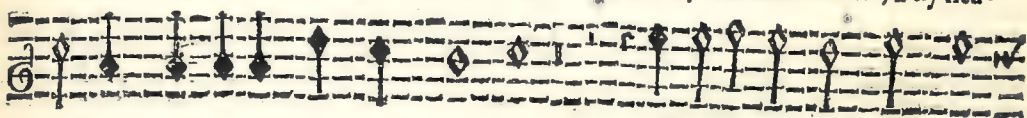
Ord in thine Anger doe no more reprove me : Nor



in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrow's, multiplie my Sorrow's :

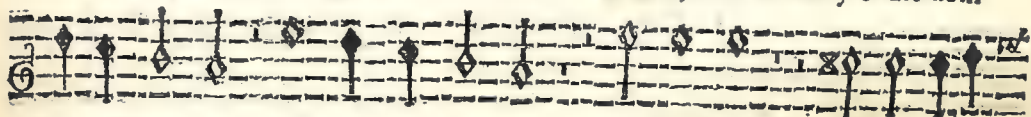


For in my Fleash I feele; For in my Fleash I feele thy fearfull Arrows; Thy hea-



uie hand doth vnto Goodnesse moue me.

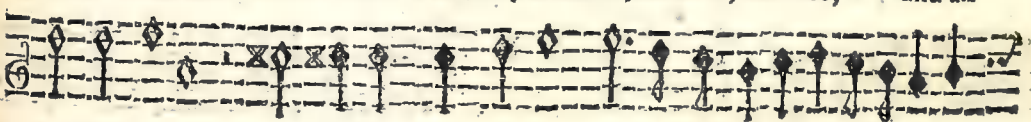
Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth



Sigh and Languish; doth Sigh and Languish: and Languish; Because my



Sins so wholly ouercome mee: Soresly afflicted, afflicted, and all



humbled am I: And in my plaint my hart Roars

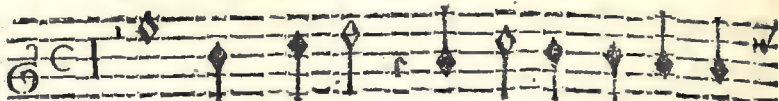


out, Roars

out



for an- guish. for an- guish.



Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight,



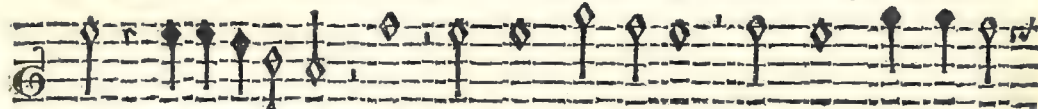
my Sight hath fled me, fled me, hath fled me, fled me:



And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me: But I as Deafned, the while



with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my GOD) Ah listen, to



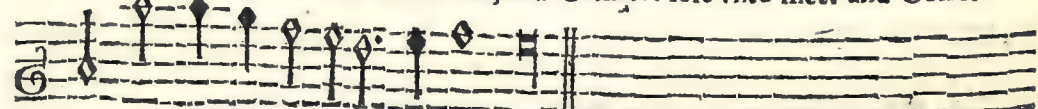
mee: Ah, listen to mee. Ah! Ah Leauē thou me not: Ah Leauē thou me not,



Thou, my Salua- ti'on, thou my Salua- ti'on, and Comfort sole,



and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee. and Comfort



sole, and Comfort sole vnto

mee,

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Pſal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,
 And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee:

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,

Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,

So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

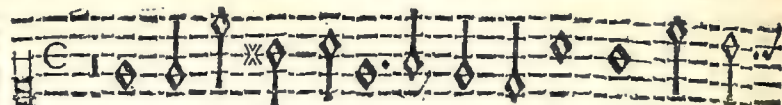
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,

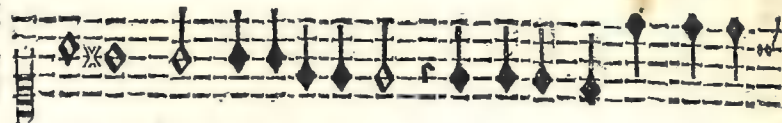
And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)

Are th'only Sacrifice thou loy'st in euer.



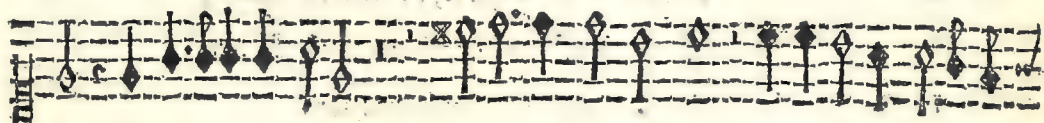
Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, most haynous



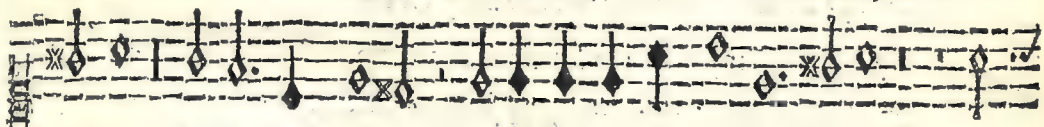
Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grievous guiltie:



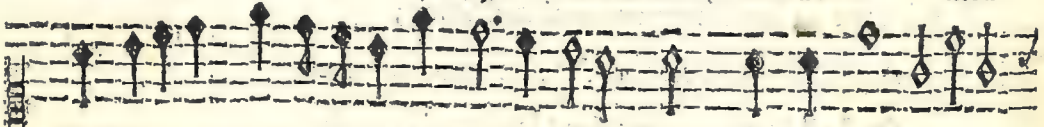
grievous guiltie: And Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me, Filthy, and Purifie me Fil-



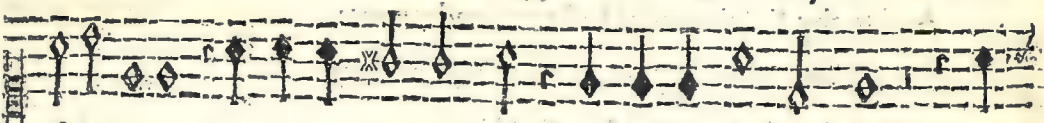
thy, and Purifie me Filthy: For in thy sight O Lord I am onely Sin-



ner. In Sin thou knowest my Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou



Guide vnto the heau'nly the heau'nly Citie: Wash, wash my Soule in-Lauer



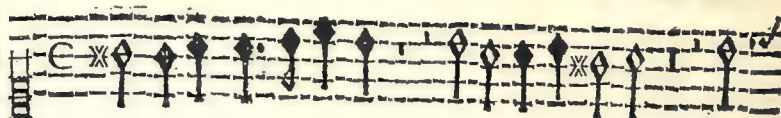
of thy puttie: So shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no Snow, no Snow, So



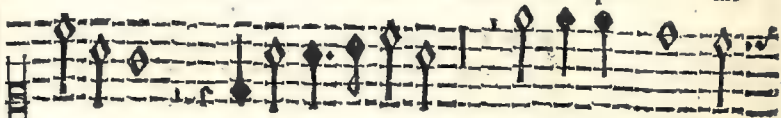
shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow in



white- nes goe before mee.



Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit: an



vntainted an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and



Face, bereaue me neuer: And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me neuer: So shall I



more adore, So shall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name, and



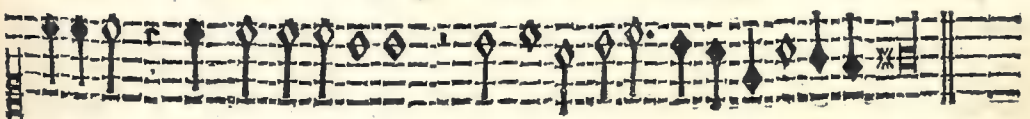
feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Service more and



more, thy Service more and more, and more Endeauour: Sith broken harts as



doth thy voyce auer it: Sith broken harts as doth thy voyce auer it, Are th'only

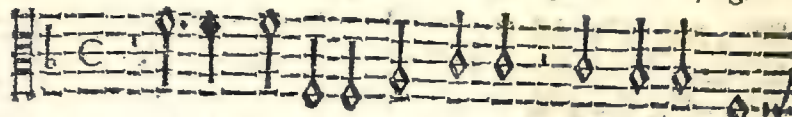


Sacrifice, thou loyest in Euer. thou loyest in E- uer.

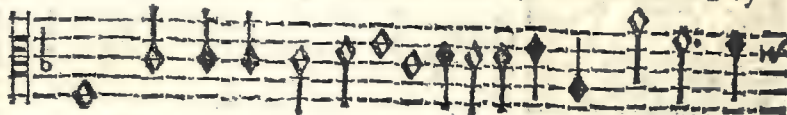
FIFT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nst thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nations shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest;
 It shall be VVrit in an Eternall Story.
 Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madest All (Heaun, Earth, and Ocean hoarie):
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.



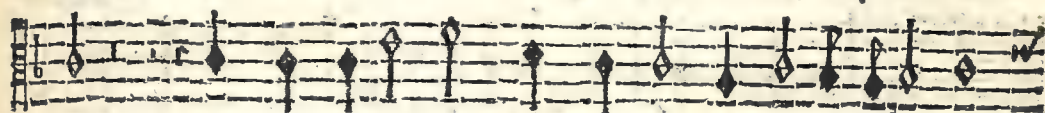
Arken Lord vnto mine humble, mine humble Play-



nings; Hide not thy face for euer, for euer, in thine Anger: My



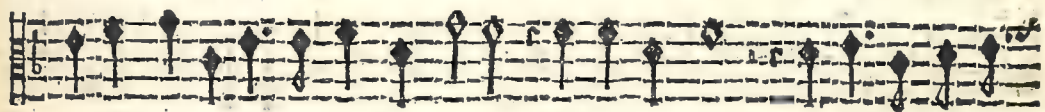
Dayes doe vade, doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, as Smoak, My hart in Lan-



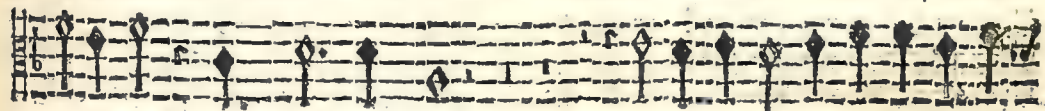
gor, Hyes (flyes) to thee, why. Shun'st thou my Complay- nings?



Friends haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from mee All are fly- ing: In



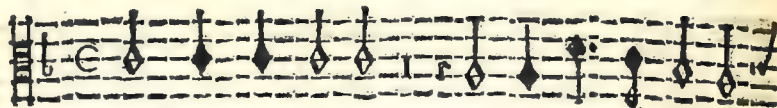
stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with



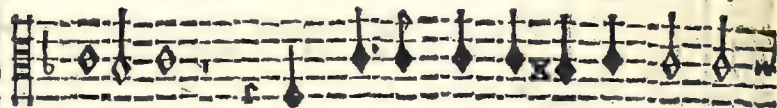
Ashes, My Drinck, my Tear's; While I haue felt the Lashes, Of thy



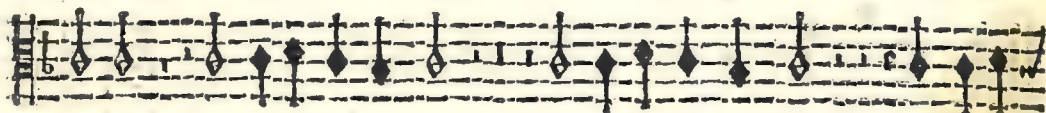
fierce Wrath, For all mine often Cryings.



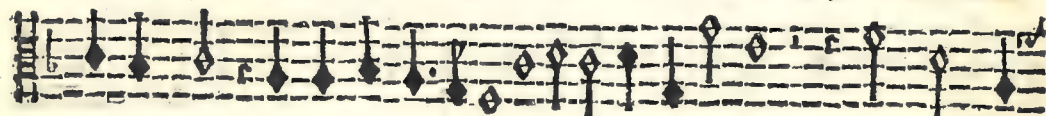
LL Kings and Nati'ons shall admi'er, admi'er thy



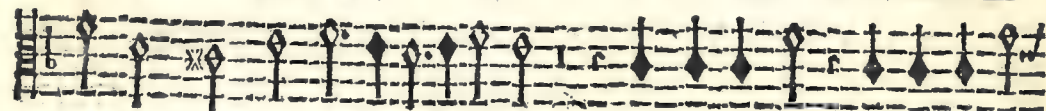
Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules at-



tendest; It shall be Writ, It shall be Writ, It shall



bee Writ, It shall be Writ in an Eternall Sto- ric. Ah! Leau'e me



not thou, Thou that All Defen- dest, That made'st All, That made'st All



(Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an, and Oce'an hoarie) That neuer did'st Begin, and

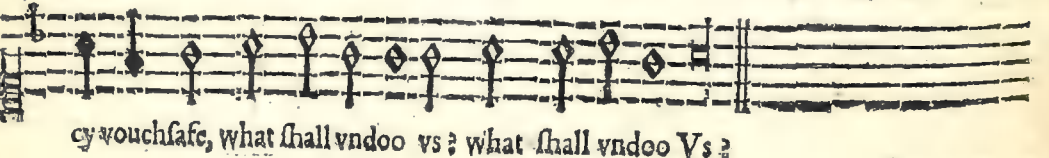
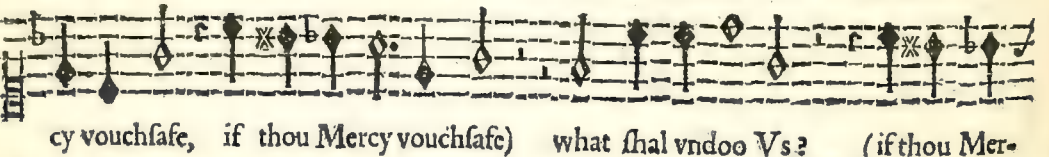
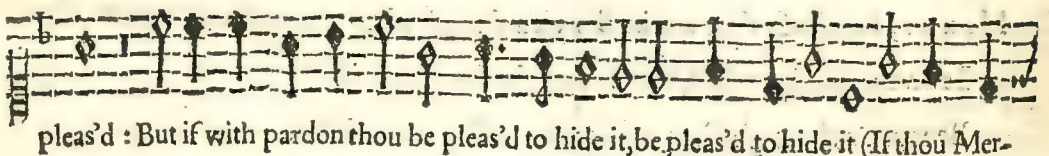
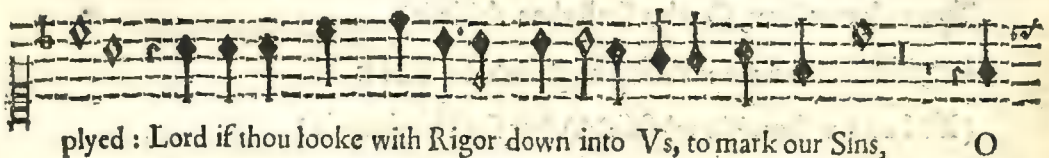
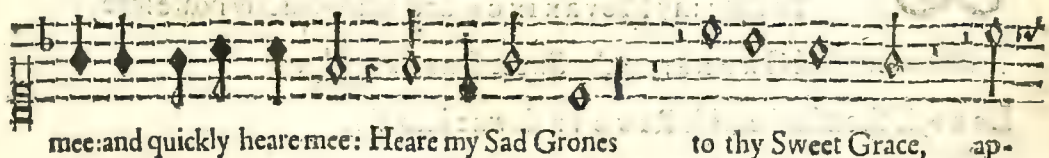
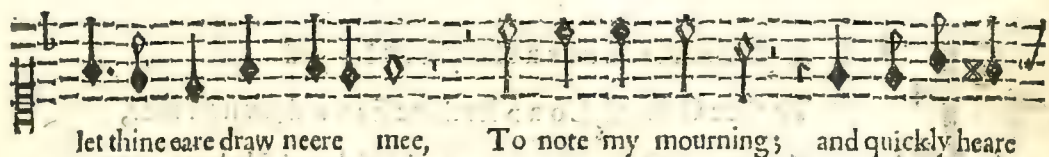
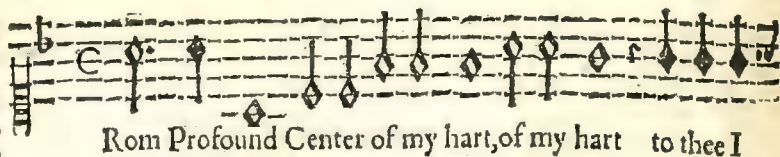


neuer Endest, and neuer Endest.

SIXT SONNET

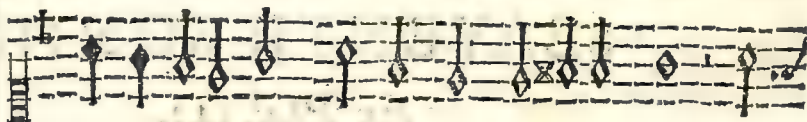
Ex Pſal. 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
 To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;
 Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applied.
 LORD, if thou looke with RIGOUR downe into Vs,
 To mark our SIN, O who shall then abide it?
 But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it
 (If MERCY thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo Vs?
 Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared
 Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE possesed;
 With thee is MERCY, that thou maist bee feared;
 MERCY, for those that are in SOVLE deprefsed,
 ISRAEL'S Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered
 Beccom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT and BLESSED.





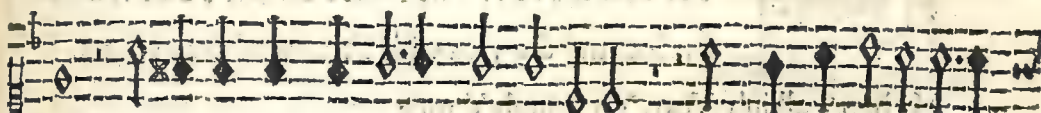
Don thy Word my Soule, hath firmly reared: hath



firmly reared her Tow'er of Trust; there is my Hope, there



is my Hope pos- fessed; for with thee, with thee is Mercy, that thou maist be fea-



red; Mercy for those, that are in Soule depressed: in Soule depressed: If-ra-



els Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered, thou hast endeered, Becom's



through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner,



Saint, of Sinner, Saint & Blessed. of Sinner, Saint & Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed.

SEVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.

LISTEN O LORD vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,

NOR into IUDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:

For who is IUST? The foule infernall TEMPTER

Pursues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESPAYRE.

My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee

To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,

But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reserved?

Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.

Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition,

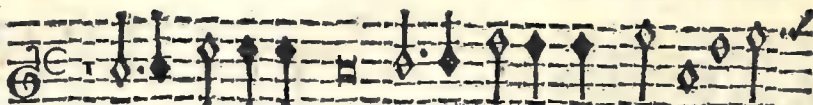
My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,

My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submission)

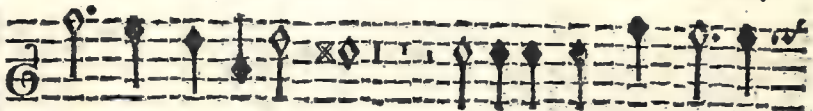
To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:

Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,

For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.



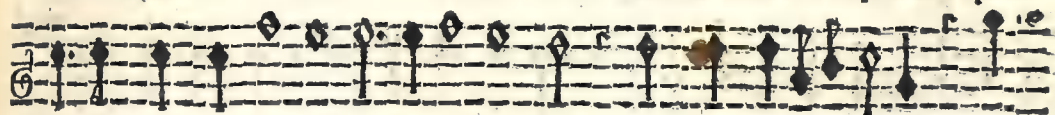
Isten, Listen O Lord, Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my



Prostrate pray- er: Nor into Iudgment with thy



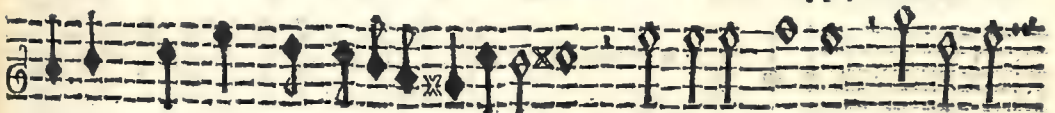
Seruant enter: For who, O who is Iust? The foule In-fernall Tempter pur-



sues my Soule with terrors, terrors of Despay'r: My hart's all inly vexed, My



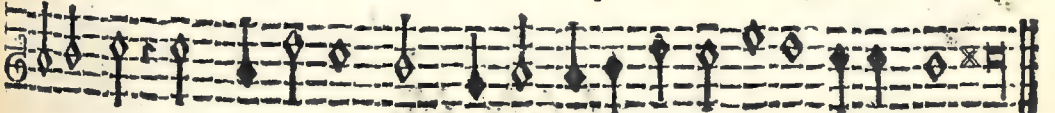
hart's all inly vexed, my hart's all inly vexed, vexed. Yet I apply'd me to



waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obser- ued: But to thy Mercy, but to thy



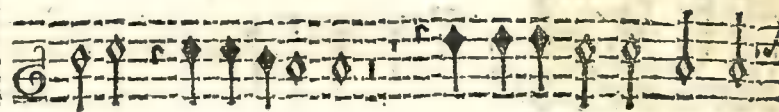
Mer- cy the Chief place reserued: the Chief place reserued: Then Shew my



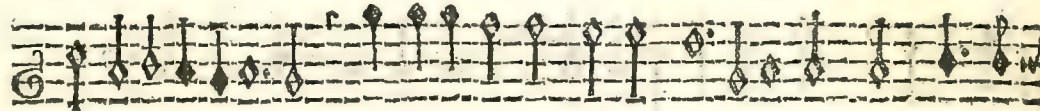
Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.



Vccour me Lord, Saue me, saue me with expe-



diti'on, with expe-diti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore



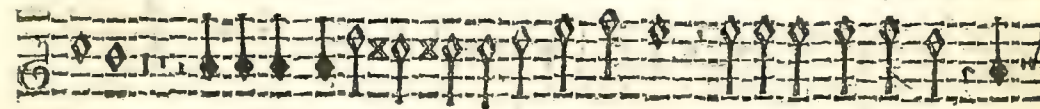
mine affec-ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affecti'on, My Minde, my



Soule I lift with all Submissi'on: with all Submissi'on, To thee my Lord, my



God, my God and my Protecti'on: my God and my Protecti'on: Draw me from



Danger vnder thy Tu-i-tion; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by



thine Electi'on. by thine Electi'on. by thine Elec-ti'on. E-lecti'on.

FINIS.

BASSVS.

MVSICA SACRA:
TO
Sixe Voyces.

Composed in the Italian tongue

BY
GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



IN LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS ESTE,
the assigne of William Barley.
1608.

To the vertuous Louers of Musicke.



These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Musicians of the world; as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the Substance of them being drawn from those seauen notable Psalmes called Penetentials; indited by that Sweete Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composition, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though somtimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the rather, because through their want of understanding the Italian, they are deprived of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note may sweetly strike the outward sence of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which conuayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocundnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie, or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especially) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peradventure be a moitie to some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God, in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was encouraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these (otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen of more exact labours) upon the Shelues of ridged censure. But the Gentle, will winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if (after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please him selfe, and doe them all better: But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe, and vse them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight.

Fare yee well.

Your well-willer

R. H.

FIRST SONNET

Ex Pſal. 6.



Ord, in thy wrath reprove mee not ſeuearly,
Nor puniſh me in thy deſeru'd diſpleaſure:
Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding meaſure,
For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearily.

Saue it (O Lord) Almightye-moſt Supernall,

Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:

For who in deep Hell (and fierce Torments frying)

Shall ſing thy praiſe, or can extoll th'Eternall?

Long haue I Languiſht in my grieuous Sorrow's,

My Bed and boſome, with my teares I water:

My foes Deſpight hath ploughd my face with furrows.

But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:

Hence yee wicked, ſith God (ſo gracious for vs)

Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.



Ord in thy wrath reprove me not seuearly, Lord in thy

wrath reprove me not feare-

ly: Nor punish me

in thy deseru'd displeasure: Haue mercie, on my Sins exceeding measure: My

Sins exceeding measure: For full of feares, my Soule, is vex- ed drearily.

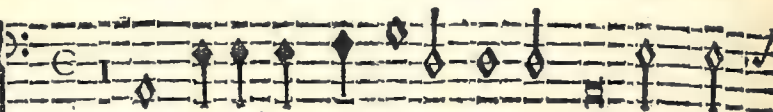
Sauce it O Lord Almighty-most Supernall: Sauce it O Lord Almighty-most Su-

peruall: Saue it alas, from th'euer-neuer Dying: For who in deep Hell, and fierce

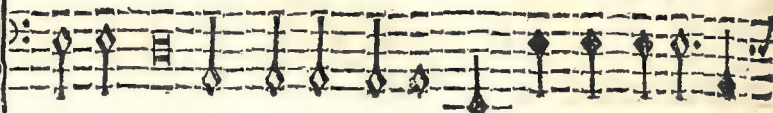
Torments frying, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th' Eternal? or can ex-

toll, ex- toll

th'Eternall :



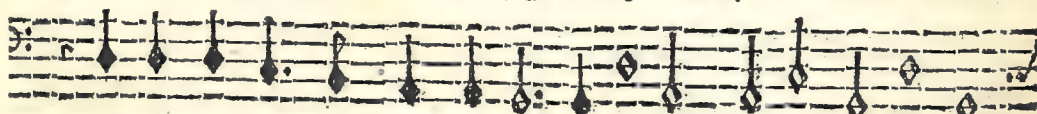
Ong haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's : my



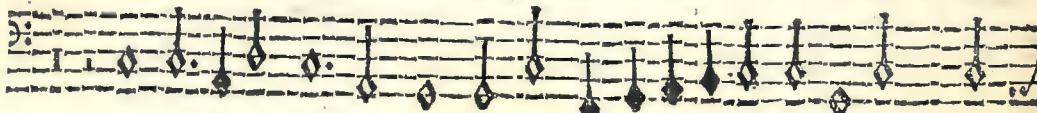
grieuous Sorrow's : my grieuous Sorrow's : My Bed and bosom



with my tear's I water : My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's :



My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with furrow's : my face with furrow's :

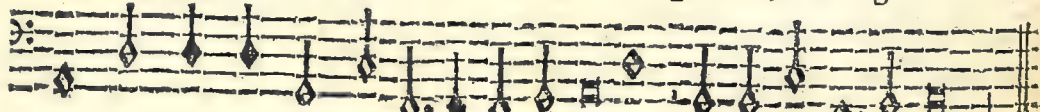


But now my Soule, my Soule, let th'ungod-

ly Scatter : Hence,



hence ye wicked; Sith God so gratio'us for vs: Sith God so gratio'us, God so gratio'us for



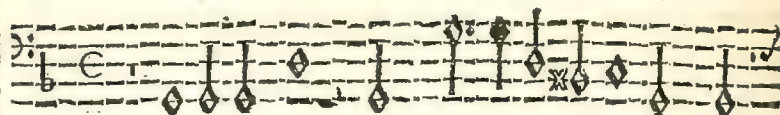
vs : Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter. and doth regard my matter.

SECOND SONNET

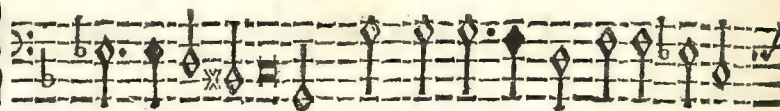
Ex P/al. 32.

Blessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)
 Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:
 And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)
 Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

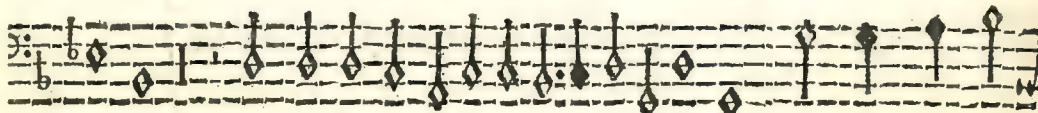
Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;
 Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:
 The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)
 And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.
 O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,
 Deliuer me my God which art Almightye:
 From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.
 A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)
 But those that place in thee their expectation,
 Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Blessed are they, whose faults so oft forbidden, whose



faults so oft forbidden, Have free forgiveness and a full re-



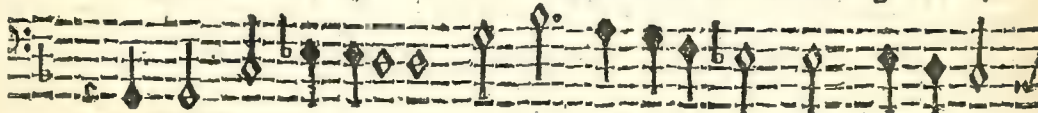
misi'on : Have free forgiveness, and a full remisi'on : And they whose Sins,



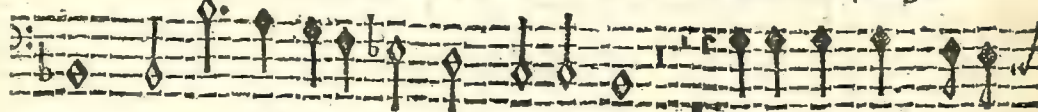
whose Sins, of Ad, and of Omissi'on : And of Omissi'on : Are not Imputed, but in



mercy hidden. Therefore my Crime I have confest before thee, Which graciously



(my God) thou hast forgiven : The more therefore I Laude, thee (King of



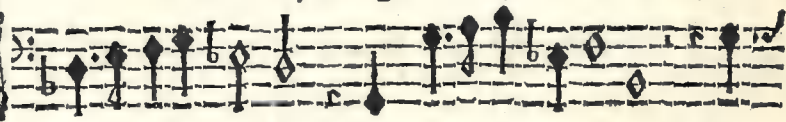
Heav'n) The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heav'n) And all thy Saints shall in



due time, a- dore thee. in due time, adore thee, in due time, adore thee.



Thou my Refuge, and Consola- ti'on, and



Conso-la- ti'on, and Conso-la- tion, De-



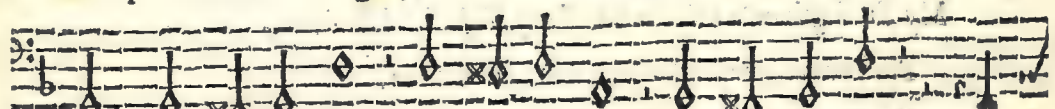
liuer me my God which art Almighty; De-liuer me my God which art Almighty



tie, From Enemies, that enuie my Saluati'on, my Sal- uati'on. A many



Rods pursue the Sinner rightly, But those that place in thee, their Expecta-



ti'on, Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Ioy



yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

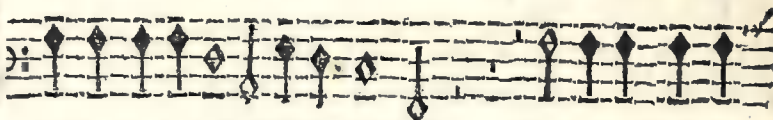
THIRD SONNET

Ex Psal. 38.

Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprocue me,
 Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;
 For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:
 Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.
 Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:
 Because my Sins so Wholely ouercame mee,
 Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;
 And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.
 My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,
 And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,
 But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.
 In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me:
 Ah, Leau me not (thou that canst best bested me)
Thou my Salvation, and Comfort sole vnto me.



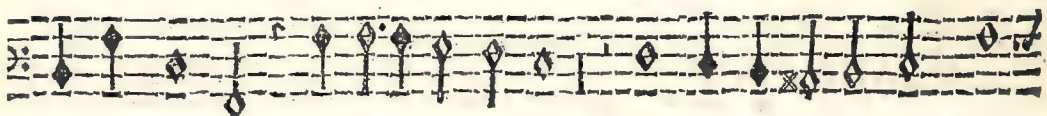
Ord in thine Anger doe no more reprove me: Nor



in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrows: For in my flesh I



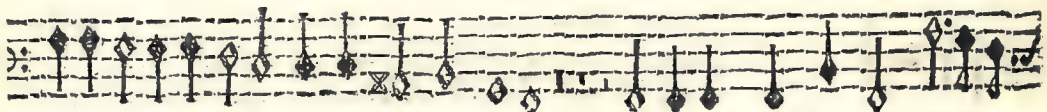
Feele: For in my Flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows: Thy heauie hand doth vnto



Goodnes moue mee. Sick in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh, and Lan- guish: doth



Sigh and Languish: Because my Sins so wholly ouercame mee. Sore-



ly afflicted, afflicted, and all humbled am I; And in my playnt my hart Roars.



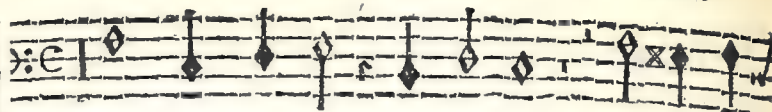
out, Roars

out;



Roars.

out for an- guish. for an- guish.



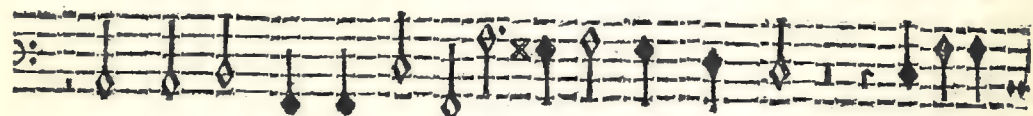
Y Strength eu'n fail's, eu'n fail's me, And my Sight,



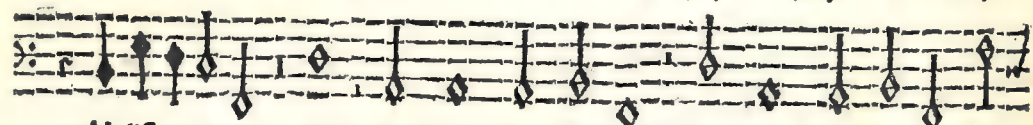
my Sight hath fled me, fled me, hath fled me, fled me:



And eu'rie one Endeauours, to vndoo me: But I as Deafned, the while



with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my GOD) Ah listen,



Ah, listen to me. Ah! Ah Leauē thou me not: Ah Leauē thou me not, Thou,



my Saluati'on, thou my Saluati-on, and Comfort sole, vnto me, and Comfort sole vn-



to me, and Comfort sole vnto me.

FOVRTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 51.

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,

And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;

O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;

For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee;

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,

Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,

So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

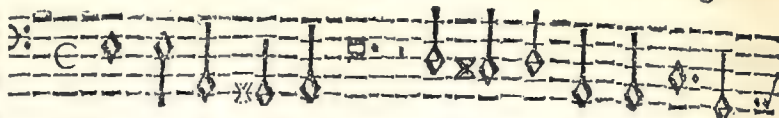
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,

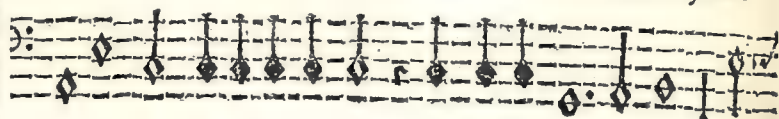
And to thy Seruice more and more endeaunour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auerr it)

Are th'onely Sacrifice thou Ioy'st in euer.



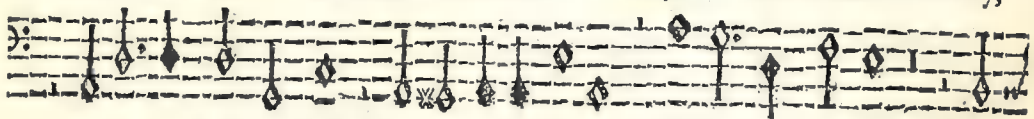
Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me most haynous



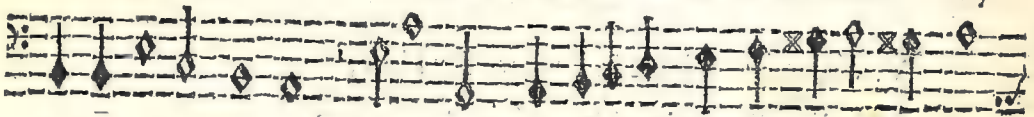
Sinner; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grieuous guiltie: O



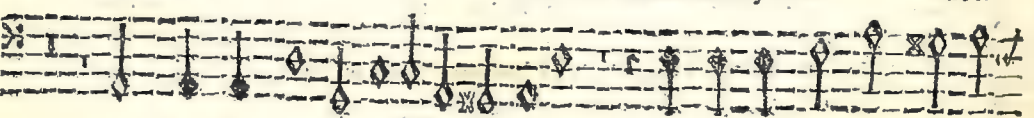
cleanse me from it, And Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy,



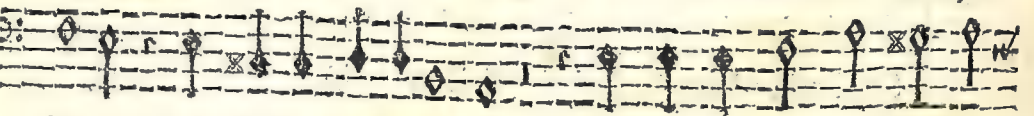
For in thy Sight O Lord I am onely Sinner. In Sin thou knowest my



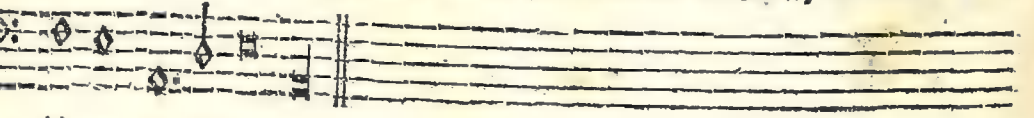
Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Citie:



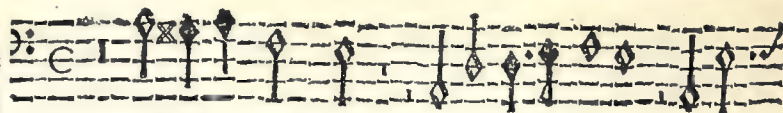
Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy pittie; So shall no Snow, no Snow, in



whitenes, in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow in



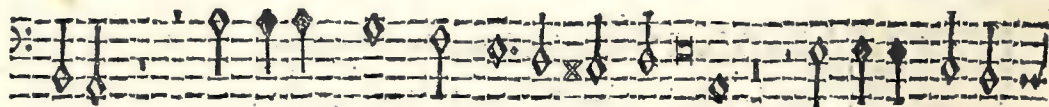
whitenes goe before mee.



Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit, an vn-



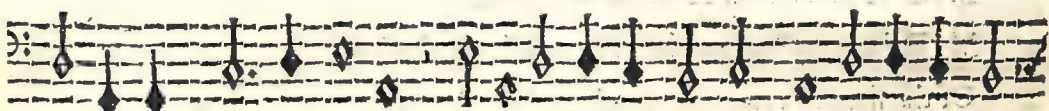
tainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me



neuer; And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me neuer: So shall I more a-



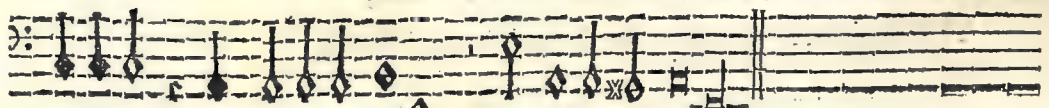
dore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name and feare it: thy Name, thy Name and



feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice more and more, thy Seruice more



and more Endeauour: Are th'only Sa-crifice thou Ioy'st in Euer. Are th'only

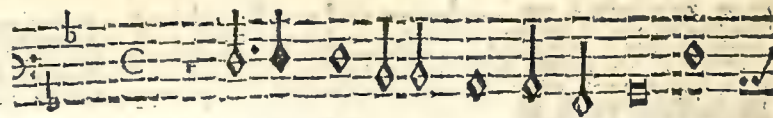


Sacrifice thou Ioyest in Euer. thou Ioyest in Euer.

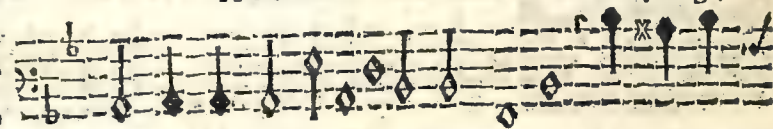
FIFT SONNET

Ex Pſal. 102.

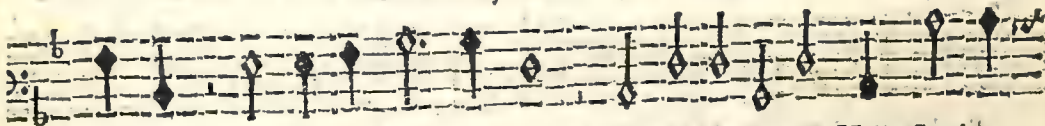
Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nt thou my Complaynings?
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,
 My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Lashes
 Of thy fierce Wrath, for all mine often Crying.
 All Kings and Nations shall admire thy Glory,
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest;
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.
 Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,
 That madeſt All (Heau'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie),
 That neuer didſt Begin, and neuer Endest.



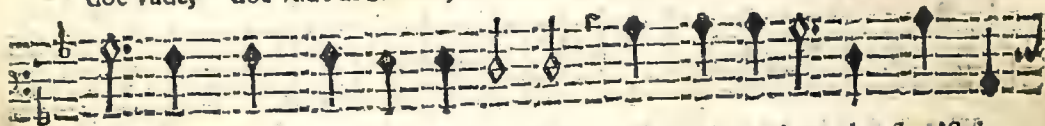
Arken Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,



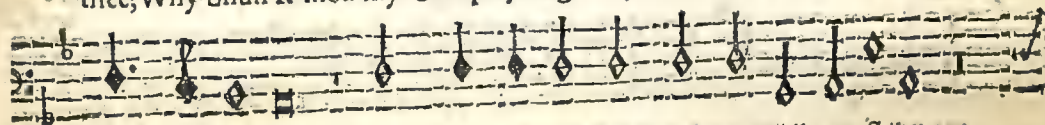
Hide not thy face for euer in thine Anger: My Dayes



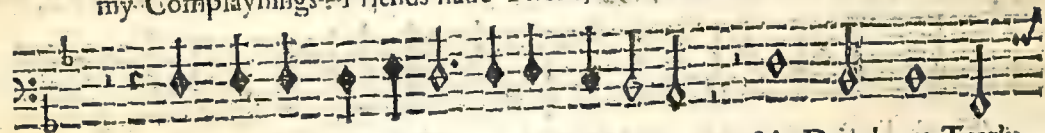
doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, as Smoak, My hart in Languor, Hyes (flyes) to



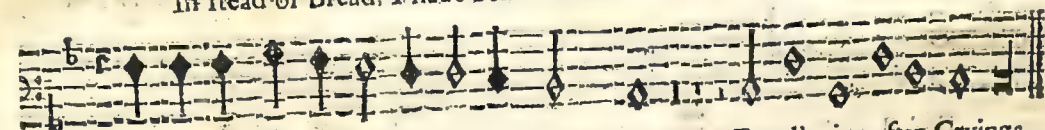
thee; Why Shun'st thou my Complaynings? Hyes (flyes) to thee, why shun'st thou



my Complaynings? Friends haue I none, now from mee All are flying:



In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes: My Drinck my Tear's;



While I haue felt the Lashes, Of thy fierce Wrath, For all mine often Cryings,



The first system of musical notation for 'The Merry Widow' is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the bass clef, starting with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes F2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, and G1. The treble clef part consists of a whole note G4.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Merry Widow' features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with longer note values, including half and whole notes.

The second system of musical notation, continuing from the first. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody continues with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody continues with various note values and rests, ending with a double bar line.

[illegible]

The image shows the beginning of a musical score for a song. It features a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts with a quarter note on G4, followed by a quarter note on A4, and then a quarter note on B4. The staff is followed by a double bar line. The text 'Der Hirt und das Lamm' is written above the staff, and 'Der Hirt und das Lamm' is written below the staff.

SIXT SONNET

Ex Psal. 102.

From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed
 To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EARE draw neer mee,
 To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;

Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applied.

LORD, if thou looke with RIGOR downe into Vs,

To mark our SIN, O who shall then abide it?

But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it

(If MERCY thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoe Vs?

Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared

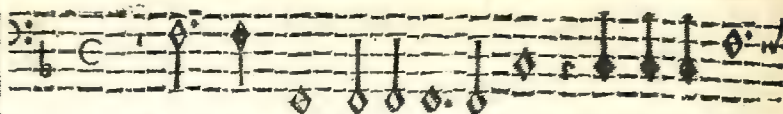
Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE possesed;

With thee is MERCY, that thou maist bee feared;

MERCY, for those that are in SOVLE depresed.

ISRAEL: Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeered

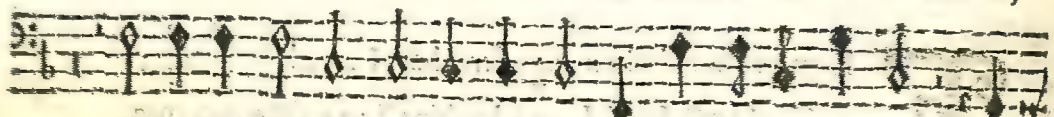
Beecom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT, and BLESSED.



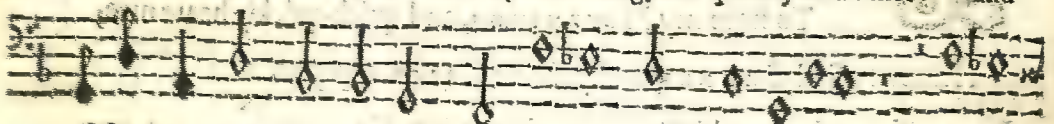
Rom Profound Center of my hart, to thee I cri'd,



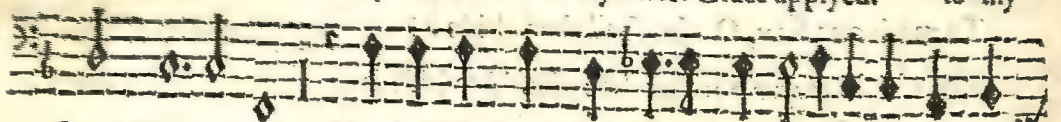
to thee I cri'd O Lord, Lord let thine eare draw neere me,



To note my mourning; To note my mourning, and quickly heare mee: and



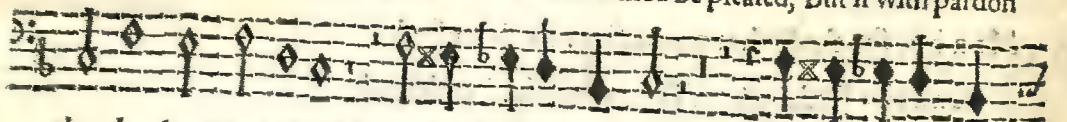
quickly heare mee: Heare my Sad Groanes to thy Sweet Grace applied. to thy



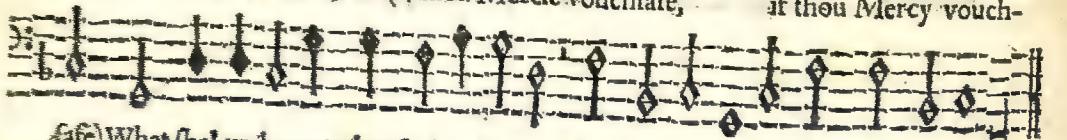
Sweet Grace apply'd. Lord, if thou looke with Rigor down into vs, to mark our



Sins, O who shall then abide it? abide it? But if thou be pleased, But if with pardon



thou be pleas'd to hide it, (if thou Mercie vouchsafe, if thou Mercy vouch-



safe) What shal vndoo vs? what shal vndoo vs? what shal vndoo vs? what shall vndoo vs?



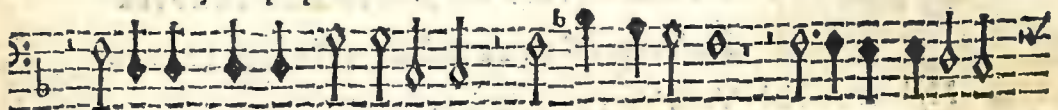
Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmly reared : hath



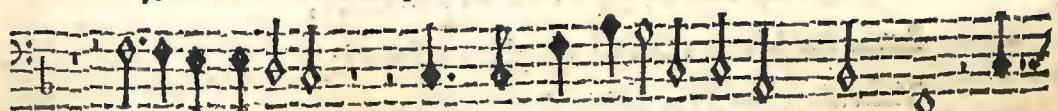
firmly reared : hath firmly reared her Tower of Trust;



There is my Hope possessed ; For with thee is Mercy, that thou maist be feared ;



Mercy, for those in Soule depressed. in Soule depressed, If-ra-els Redeemer,



If-ra-els Redeemer : Whom thou hast endeered, Becom's through thee, of



Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. and Blessed.



of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed.

SEVENTH SONNET

Ex Psal. 143.

Listen O LORD vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,

Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:

For who is Ivs-t? The foule infernall TEMPTER

Pursues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESTAYRE.

My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee.

To waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obserued,

But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place referued;

Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.

Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition;

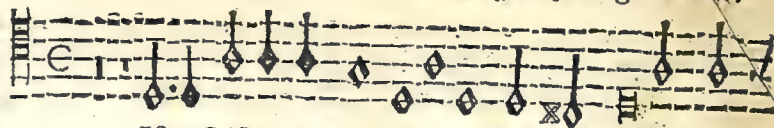
My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,

My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submission)

To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:

Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,

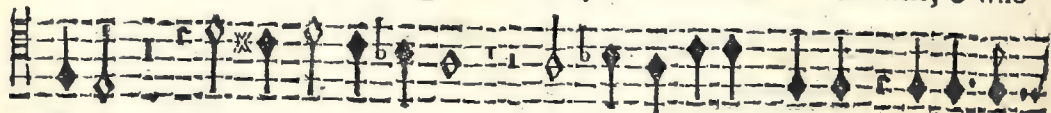
For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.



Isten, Listen O Lord vnto my Prostrate prayer, Nor



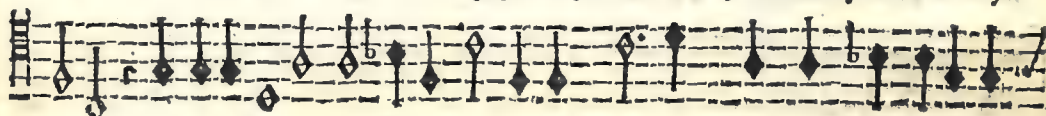
into Iudgment with thy Seruant enter : For who, O who



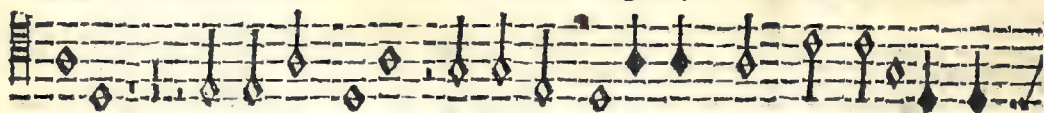
is Iust? For who, O who is Iust? The foule In-fernall Tempter pursues my



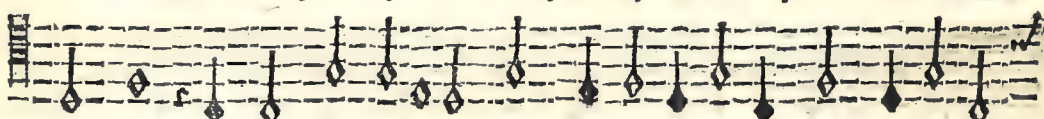
Soule with terrors, with terrors of Despay'r. My hart's all inly vexed: My hart's all inly



vexed: all inly vexed: Yet I apply'd me to waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I ob-



serued, But to thy Mercy, But to thy Mercy the Chief place referued: the



Chief place, the Chief place referued: Then Shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin,



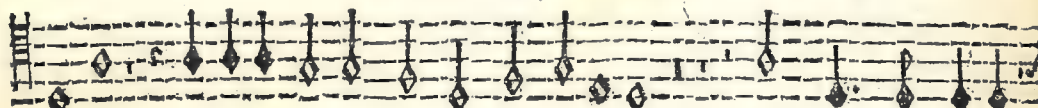
Then shew my Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.



Vccour me Lord, Saue mee, saue mee with expe-



ditⁱon, with expe-di-ti^on, My Spirit fainteth, therfore mine af-



fecti^on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affecti^on, My Minde, my Soule. I



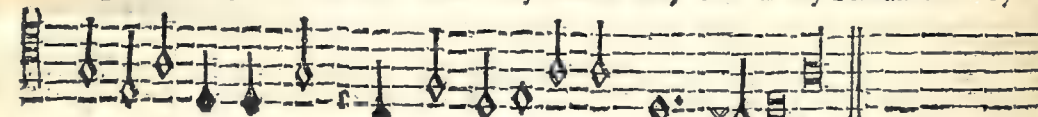
lift with all Submissi^on, To thee my Lord, my God, my God, and my Protec-



ti^on: and my Prote^cti^on: Draw me from Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti^on; Draw me from



Dangervnder thy Tu- i-ti^on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by



thine Electi^on. by thine, by thine Electi^on. by thine. Electi^on.

FINIS.

